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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXCIII
No. 2516
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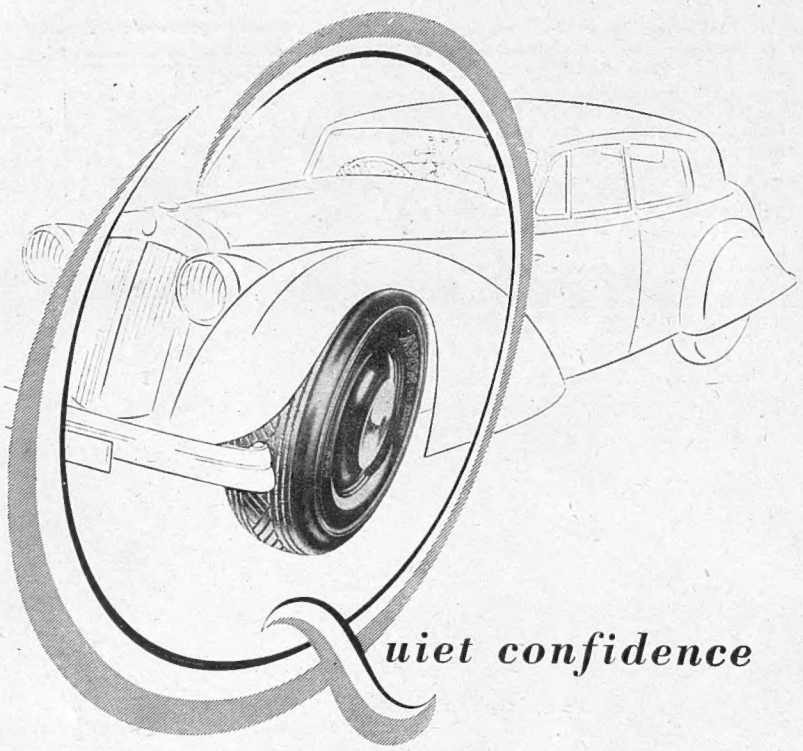

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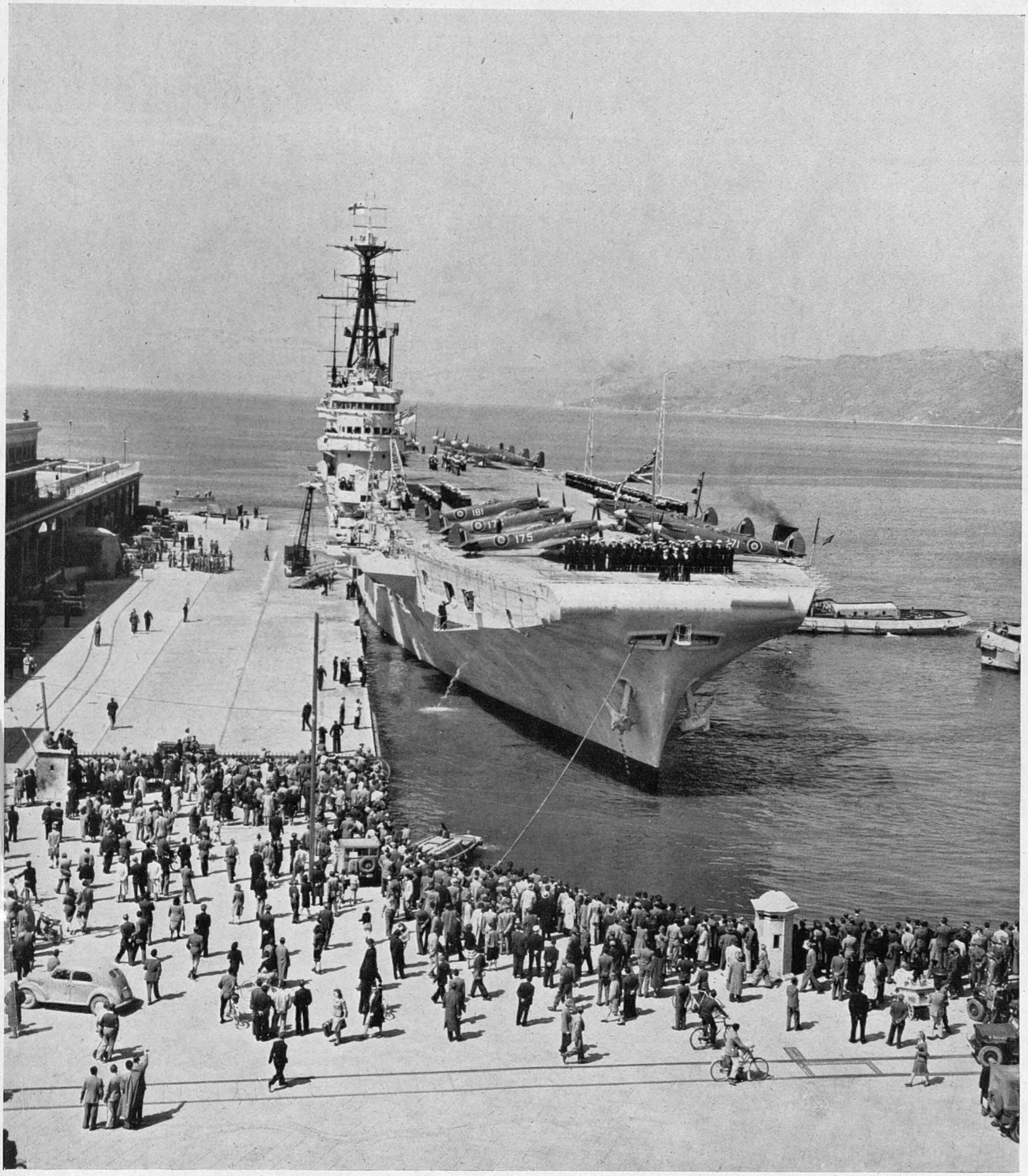
Volume CXCIII No. 2516

The SPHERE, London, April 24, 1948

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE "TRIUMPH" DOCKS AT TRIESTE—THE 13,000-TON CARRIER OF THE COLOSSUS CLASS TIES UP IN THE ADRIATIC PORT ON THE EVE OF ITALY'S VITAL ELECTION: 1,000 men landed from the carrier, thus bringing the total Anglo-American forces in Trieste up to 11,000 men

Last Sunday and Monday Italy went to the polls in the most momentous election of recent years, and significantly enough the status of Trieste loomed as large as any other question in the programme of the two main contending parties. While de Gasperi and his party called attention to the fact that their Western Allies wished to see the return of Trieste to Italy, Togliatti and his Communists declared that Marshal Tito would be only too willing to see Trieste in Italian hands if Gorizia came into Yugoslavian hands. While Italy went to the polls, Trieste took part symbolically in the voting. Books containing 196,000 signatures of Triestines demanding reunion with Italy were ceremonially handed over to General Garibaldi to be taken to Rome. When the *Triumph* arrived in the port of Trieste a crowd came down to the docks to greet her. She is one of our most up-to-date light carriers and she can accommodate about forty aircraft

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Twenty-five Years.—On April 26, 1923, the Duke of York was married to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. It was a dull, rainy morning, but King George V., when he wrote in his diary that night, was able to record: "The sun actually came out as the bride entered the Abbey." And ordinary folk have since then often enough observed this tendency on the part of the sun, to "come out" whenever the bride of that distant day comes upon the scene. Most weddings are coloured by romance. The Silver Wedding custom acknowledges the fact that marriage is a great adventure, and that to have achieved twenty-five years of marriage with credit and without great sorrows is an achievement, a gift of fortune, a cause for congratulation and thankfulness. The colour of romance usually deepens according to the importance of the contracting parties, but the Duke of York's marriage, welcome as it was and very popular, involved no major constitutional issues. The Duke had no expectation of ascending the Throne. If Lady Elizabeth had seemed from childhood to be one "born to be a queen," no one supposed that such would be her destiny. Yet for once the colour of romance which invested her wedding was not laid on too thick. It was 1923; a world war to end war was still a vivid memory, and there were hopeful plans still ahead to outlaw wars. The pact of Locarno, hailed by almost all statesmen as likely to achieve that aim, was still two years ahead. On April 26, 1923, the younger son of a king, who was half through a reign of dangers and troubles without precedent and assuredly without parallel, was married to the lady of his choice. What writer of romance would have dared to plot that they should become Sovereigns and should reign in times far more troublous, even more dangerous, than their predecessor's, should ride in a whirlwind of revolution, beside which that former whirlwind would shrink to a gentle breeze, and should direct the storm with calmness, grace, faith, charity and dignity? That surely was (in 1923) to ask too much of credulity. But so it has worked out. Romance is not dead, and thirty or forty years hence the Royal Biographers will have every chance to make a good job of their tasks.

A Guiding Hand.—Long years ago, in his essay on *Royalty*, Max B., in a studied purple passage, contrasted the destinies of a Royal and of an ordinary child. In the first, there could be no surprises, only the same, eternal, ordered, dull, high plane. In the second, "who dare cast the horoscope of an ordinary child?" "Exile or empery may be his, flowers or ashes, an aureole or a noose." That went well enough in 1899. In every half-century of history events take place which jolt accepted beliefs and assure us of two things: That romance lives on, though knights be dust and their good swords rust; and that there may yet be in the affairs of men a guiding, hidden hand called Destiny whose powers even modern science has not debunked. The British nation may well believe in this kindly light, and in its destiny—it has had proofs enough since the days of the Armada. "So long Thy power has led me, sure it still will lead me on." All the world over, crowns and Constitutions have tumbled down; ours in essentials stands firm. For more than 100 years, a guiding Power has granted us sovereigns who exactly suited the times in which they reigned for just as long as they reigned. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that but for this dispensation of Providence, the British Constitution might well have failed to survive the storms and cataclysms of our times.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP ARRIVING AT THE SAVOY FOR THE GATHERING IN HONOUR OF MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: The Princess is being received by Lady Greenwood. In his speech at the dinner, which was attended by 900 guests, Lord Greenwood described it as the largest and most distinguished gathering in the history of the Pilgrims, as never before had members of the Royal Family been present and never before had ladies been guests of the Society

European Recovery Pact.—It was a historic occasion, no doubt, when the representatives of sixteen nations in Paris signed those documents which pledge them to close a lasting co-operation. Mr. Bevin, and quoting Churchill, called this Pact the end of the beginning. History, alas! is as full of failure as of success, and too often a loudly applauded "end of the beginning" has soon proved the beginning of the end. One cannot but think of Locarno, for all its differences. The beginning of international sanity covers an unconscionable time. Briand hailed Locarno as such a stage. That pact, which replaced the Geneva Protocol, was first concerned with Germany's frontiers, was an acceptance by France and all her neighbours on the frontiers of Germany and Russia of arbitration in lieu of war. The E.R. Pact has at least in common with Locarno the bringing of Germany back into the comity of Western nations—of all available Germany to all available Europe. It evokes the same high hopes, engages the same Great Powers, is by no means solely concerned with economics, but obliquely and even directly seeks to outlaw war. It is another effort "*parler européen*." Locarno was a back number within two years of 1925. M. Bidault's optimism equalled or surpassed M. Briand's. He must have recalled Locarno, even when he spoke of the new Pact as the *first* step in the shaping of a sane Europe. Unique it is, but not a first step. It is an effort in a different form *parler européen*, and God send that it enjoy a longer life.

Second Thoughts in Russia?—It is late in the day for me to qualify as an optimist by cheerful prophecy. And it is not inherent optimism but a pricking of my thumbs which induces me to hope that our relations with Russia may improve a little before the year is out. Short of war, they could hardly be worse; and that fact reduces the odds against my prophecy being fulfilled. Those Russians are realists. If they seem a century behind Western Europe in political culture and civilised diplomatic conventions, their reasoning powers are those common to humanity. It is inconceivable that the leaders of Russia would prefer war to a peaceful securing of their projects, and on that assumption they cannot fail to observe the effect of their barbaric methods of diplomacy. In the last six months, the "sickening technique" has done more to halt than to speed up their designs, and has created from a rabble of victims a thin, but almost disciplined, front opposing them. The eternal "No," the everlasting veto, the policy of push and snub, the brutal phrase, the bitter word, the grossly lying propaganda, all these in the last months have turned to weapons in the hands of the Western Democracies, have proved the needed stimulus to resistance by co-operation. Russia, it may be, is painfully and slowly beginning to learn that manners makyth nations no less than Man, and that a teaspoonful of polish can be more effective than a gallon of vitriol; a clouded cane than a bludgeon.

Death Penalty Suspension.—I proved for once a true prophet on the result of the free vote. Perhaps it is unwise to try prophecy again on the same question. But the position of the Opposition leader in the Lords is interesting. The Government's strongly argued case against suspension was in the Commons negatived by a majority of their party and by a handful of the Opposition. Presumably the Lord Chancellor must now urge the House to accept the clause, not indeed on its merits, but as the expressed view of a Commons majority. To advise his followers to throw out the new clause, it seems to me, would require all Lord Salisbury's acknowledged moral courage, at this juncture in the affairs of Second Chamber Government. Yet he would certainly take that course if he conceived that the embarrassment which the suspension vote has caused the Government was more than of "face value," and that suspension at this time might seriously affect public security or even recruitment for the Police Forces, at a time when crimes of violence are alarmingly rife and the Police alarmingly under strength. Certainly this is a legitimate exercise of a Second Chamber's vital function. The Lords have courage and clearheadedness. They have also every authority for granting the Commons the chance of reconsideration of a decision which ran counter to the Government's advice.

Welcome to Cricket.—I can imagine Don Bradman's weather wisecracks offered in the ship to newcomers among the Australian Test Team. He knows what April can do in England with a N.-E. wind, and how necessary a part of a cricketer's equipment are two sweaters and even a winter vest, certainly at Worcester on April 28, and often enough all over England till May is out. No doubt the nets at Lord's and elsewhere already echo to the sound of bat on ball, wielded by schoolboys and stars, autograph-hunters and hunted. But it is not cricket weather, though the pitches of England are already wearing of the green. But for me, who still awaits that perfect cure for cold feet, a vigorous act of faith is required to picture the fulfilment of my first date with Big Cricket at Marylebone on Thursday, June 24. Cricket—my foot. Or, rather, feet. But every good thing comes to him who waits.

Ants For Export.—The ants are an industrious race. So are the Americans, whose latest "rage" is the study of the ant with a view to increasing production in all branches of industry. But those U.S. are short of ants. The craze has set up a demand for umpteen billion ants. The U.S. want the goods. We have them. Here then is a dollar winner and I want to be in on this new export drive. I am among the largest owners of ants in Britain. My tennis lawn is small in dimensions, but it contains the richest known deposit of ants. I am prepared on very reasonable terms to part with 160,000,000 ants, if anyone will take the trouble to come down here and lift them. I will let them go at 1s. a million, and the Government may take the rake-off and use it in reduction of the National Debt. Can I say fairer?

THE OLD STAGER

THE WEDDING DAY, APRIL 26, 1923 : Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, leaving her father's home in Bruton Street for her marriage at Westminster Abbey to Prince Albert, Duke of York, the future King George VI of England

On Monday, April 26, the King and Queen will attend St. Paul's Cathedral for a thanksgiving service to mark their Silver Wedding day. A wedding anniversary, unlike a Coronation anniversary, is intensely personal, but so essentially is the family life of the Royal Family bound up with the whole concept of the monarchy that this Silver Wedding is fittingly enough being made a day of public celebration. The Royal marriage on April 26, 1923, attracted tremendous interest by reason of the fact that the bridegroom's father was the King and the bride a "commoner." In words that now seem almost to have a ring of prophecy about them, Archbishop Lang—who was afterwards to crown the couple before him—told the Duke and his newly-married Duchess: "It is a great thing that there should be in our midst one family which, regarded by all as in a true sense their own, makes the whole Empire kin, and helps to give to it the spirit of one family life. It is your privilege to be members of that family and that central home"

THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR FIRST-BORN : Their Majesties (then Duke and Duchess of York) with Princess Elizabeth, the future Duchess of Edinburgh, in the year of her birth, 1926. At this time the Royal couple were living at 145, Piccadilly, which remained their home for some years

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING

Their Majesties Celebrate Twenty-five Years of Married Life

THE CORONATION, 1937 : Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in their official robes after returning to the Palace

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH : Their Majesties the King and Queen together at the piano in the Blue Drawing-Room on the first floor of Buckingham Palace

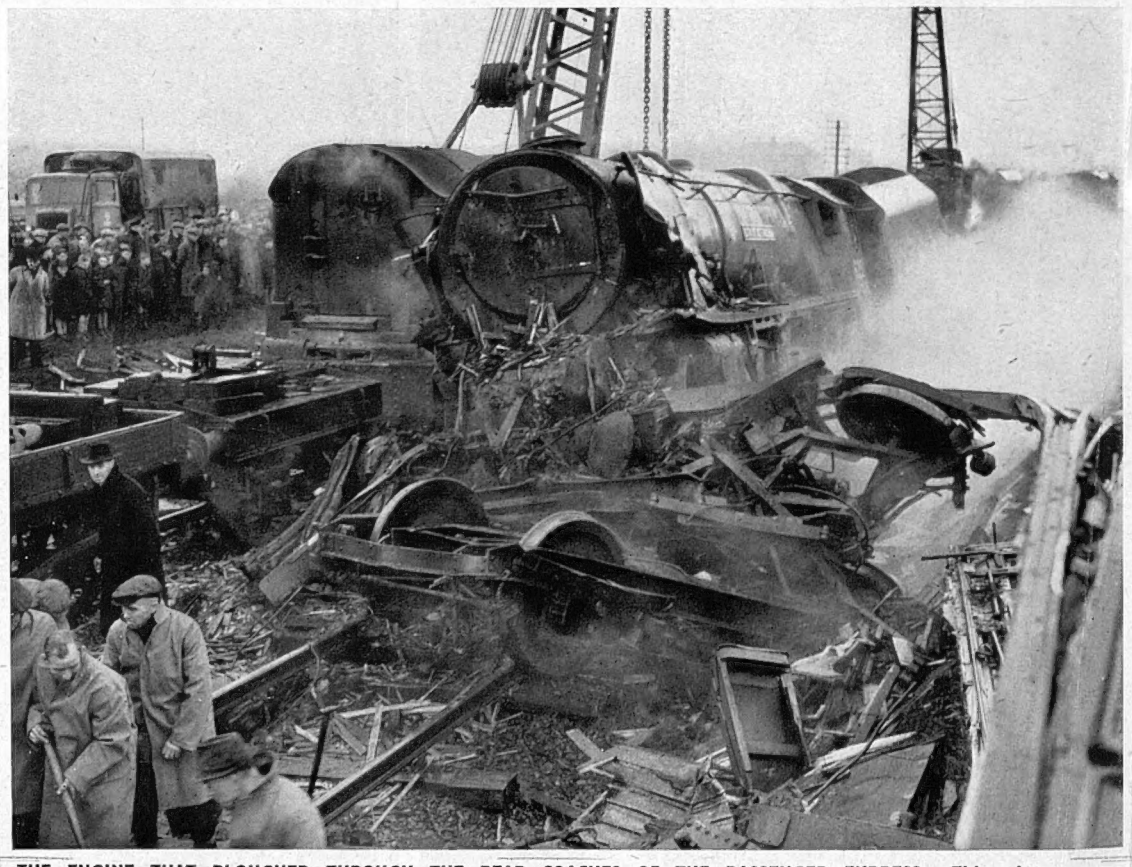
CLEARING THE LINE AT WINSFORD AFTER THE 6.25 P.M. POSTAL TRAIN FROM GLASGOW TO EUSTON HAD CRASHED INTO THE REAR OF THE 5.40 P.M. GLASGOW-TO-CREWE PASSENGER EXPRESS: Twenty-four people lost their lives in this disaster, which took place last Saturday, and on Monday fifteen others were still detained in hospital. The passenger train was brought to a standstill when the communication-cord was pulled in the third coach from the front, and the postal train, which was travelling fast, rounded a bend and smashed the last three coaches of the passenger train. The official inquiry was due to begin last Thursday. A preliminary inquiry was held last Monday morning

THE WINSFORD RAIL DISASTER

A Postal Train Crashes Into a Stationary Express

Two trains were on the same section of the line at the same time, and somebody pulled the communication-cord of the leading train. These were the two vital circumstances confronting the official inquiry into the Winsford disaster. The fact that the loss of life was no greater than twenty-four people was due to the presence of mind of Fireman Price, who was on the footplate of the stationary passenger express. On hearing detonators exploding in the rear of the train he ran forward along the line to the nearest signal-box and was just in time to bring about the halting of a postal train travelling in the opposite direction. It was brought up just short of the wreckage, and a triple disaster was averted. As it was, the crash was the worst in the Cheshire area for many years. It was made known last Monday that the communication-cord was pulled by a soldier anxious to leave the train and reach his home at Winsford without having to go via Crewe

ONE OF THE LEADING COACHES OF THE ROYAL MAIL TRAIN: The coach as it appeared after hitting the rear of the passenger express. On the left a stack of mail-bags can be seen exposed to view



THE ENGINE THAT PLOUGHED THROUGH THE REAR COACHES OF THE PASSENGER EXPRESS: This picture was taken as two powerful breakdown cranes were setting about the task of moving the locomotive from the track. In the foreground are the twisted bogies of the coach which took the main impact

THE SHANNON AIR DISASTER

The "Empress of the Skies" is Wrecked with the Loss of 30 Lives

A FOUR-ENGINED PLANE COMES IN TO LAND AT SHANNON AIRPORT AND PASSES OVER THE WRECKAGE OF THE ILL-FATED "EMPRESS OF THE SKIES": This was the scene in the broken country near the runway after the Pan-American Constellation had crashed when completing the penultimate leg of a journey from Karachi to New York via London. Eye-witnesses declared that the machine hit a stone wall in its descent. Thirty occupants of the air-liner were killed instantly. One passenger, Mr. Marc Worst, had a miraculous escape

Twenty Americans, five Italians, two Indians, one Frenchman, one Briton, one Pakistani, and one Stateless person were aboard the Pan-American Constellation air-liner which crashed at Shannon last week with the loss of thirty lives. Of the killed, the only Briton was Miss Mary Thompson, of Preston, Lancs, eighteen-year-old daughter of the chairman and managing director of Blackpool Pleasure Beach. Sir Homi Mehta, the Bombay banker and mill-owner, was also among the dead. Mr. Marc Worst, an American, was the sole survivor. He is manager of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation at Shannon Airport. Shortly after the crash, Mr. Worst declared: "The flaps had been dropped, routine fashion, and the aircraft was in perfect operating condition as we made our approach to the runway. The undercarriage was down for the landing. Suddenly I felt a bump and then another bump. I unstrapped my belt, the floor of the plane opened up beneath me, and I dropped through a hole to safety."

THE SEVERED TAIL UNIT OF THE "EMPRESS OF THE SKIES": It was when the tail broke off that Mr. Worst, the sole survivor, made his way out through the gap before the explosion wrecked the fuselage

A POLICE OFFICER SURVEYS THE WRECKAGE OF THE "EMPRESS OF THE SKIES": The scene of the tragedy at Shannon shortly after the inward-bound air-liner had exploded. Visibility round Shannon was fair at the time of the disaster, but the ceiling was rather low, the cloud base being given as 4,000 ft. There were patches of fog surrounding the runway, and these may have confused the pilot as he came in to land. When the pilot came in for the first time he overshot the runway. He then lifted, circled, and returned. It was then, with the flaps down and the undercarriage down, that the aircraft was seen to strike a 3-ft. stone wall which is close to a road running by the airport. The Constellation carried on in a straight line for the runway and made the second contact with the ground on its belly 100 yards farther on. At this point the outside port motor dropped out, the seams of the petrol-tanks opened up, and the petrol seeped out and caught fire. The explosion followed a few moments later

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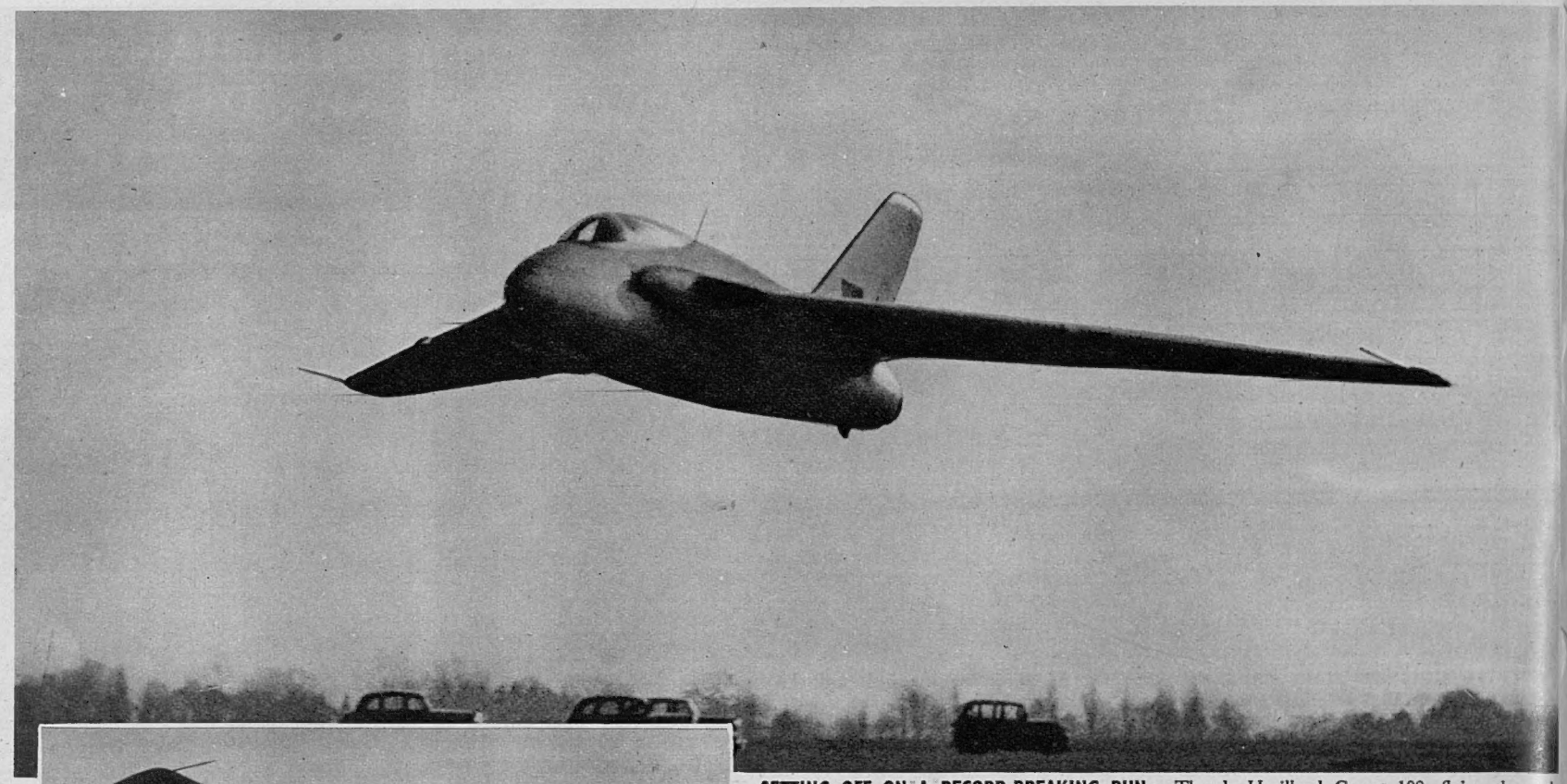


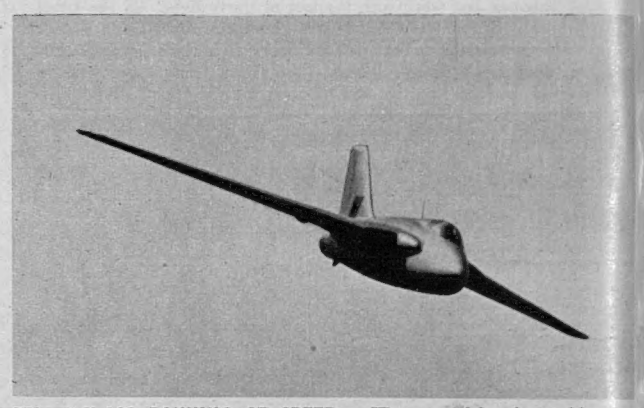
SETTING OFF ON A RECORD-BREAKING RUN : The de Havilland Comet 108, flying above the runway at Hatfield aerodrome at the start of a successful attempt to beat the speed record for the 100-kilometre closed-circuit course. The D.H.108 achieved an average speed of 605·230 m.p.h.

SOME CALL IT THE "WHISTLING BOOMERANG" : The record-breaking D.H.108 aircraft on its closed-circuit flight from Hatfield aerodrome. The 108 is the third and latest version of the type developed by de Havilland's with a view to obtaining data for their four-jet transatlantic air-liner, the D.H.106. The first machine was brought out for low-speed research, having fixed slots on the leading edge ; the second machine, that in which Geoffrey de Havilland lost his life, had controllable leading-edge slots for high-speed research ; and this latest revised version has strengthened wings, a redesigned cockpit cover, and a nose of finer form. This picture gives a clear impression of the extent to which the wings are swept back. The speed of 605 m.p.h. achieved by the D.H.108 is still considerably below that of the present world's speed record over a straight course. This was established by Major Mario Carl, of the United States Marine Corps, on August 25, 1947, when flying an experimental plane, the Douglas Skystreak (D.558), he averaged 650·606 m.p.h. on his four runs

Aviation News

605 M.P.H. IN A D.H. COMET

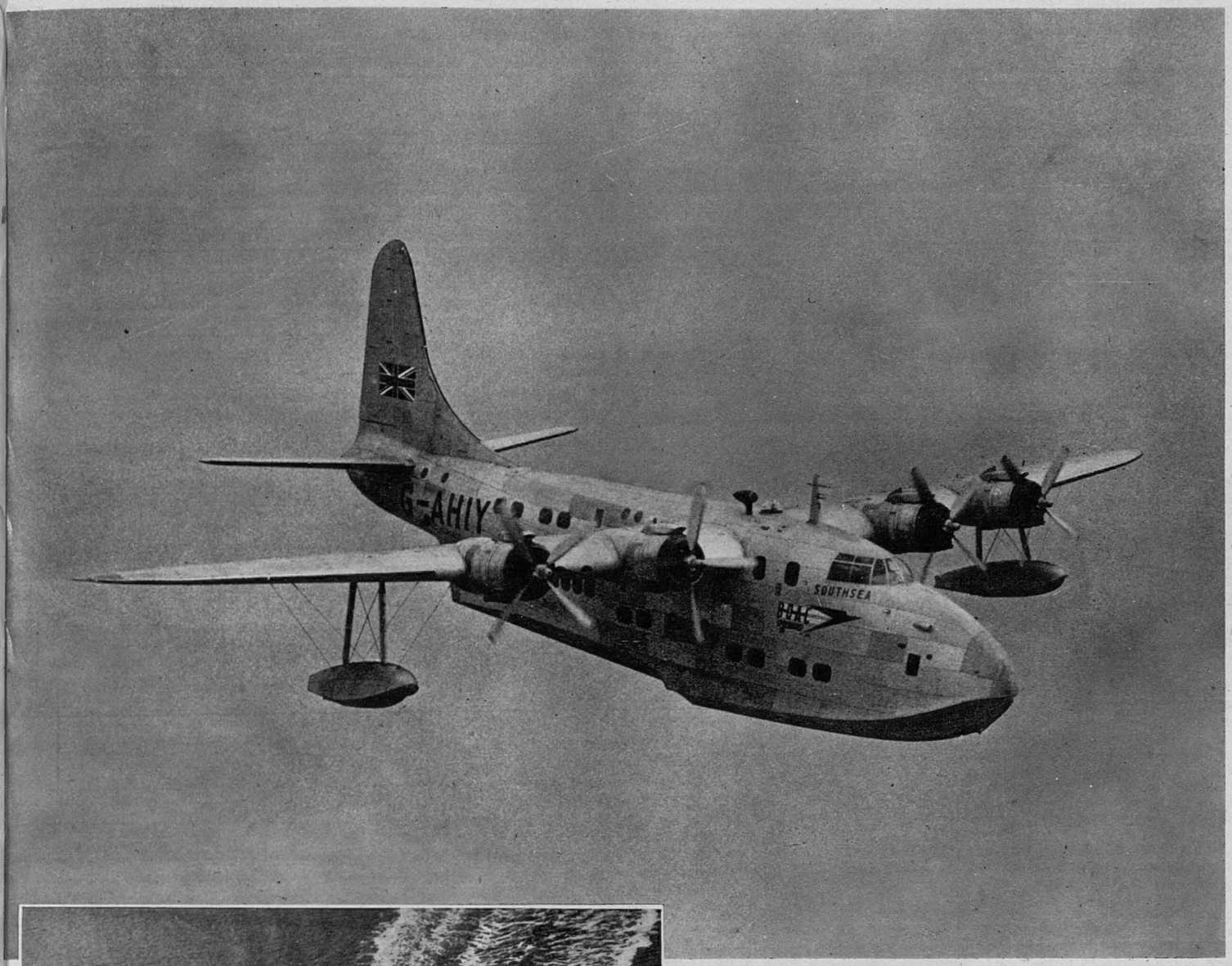
The "Star Tiger" Inquiry : Solents for the Imperial Routes



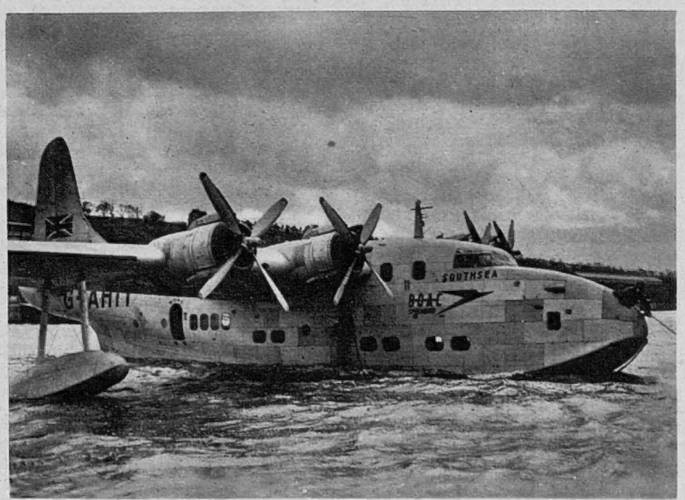
THE D.H.108 BANKING AT SPEED : The record-breaker taking one of the turns on the Hatfield closed circuit. The machine is powered by a de Havilland Goblin jet engine. It has a span of 39 ft. and it is 24 ft. 6 ins. long. This picture clearly shows the shark-like stabilising fin, a dominating feature of the machine

THE TUDOR IV RETURNS TO SERVICE : The "Star Leopard," sister-ship of the ill-fated "Star Tiger" lost earlier in the year on the British South American Airways route, seen during a recent trial run. The Tudor IV air-liners have now returned to service, but at the moment they are being used for freight only. At the judicial inquiry into the loss of the *Star Tiger*, which opened recently at Church House, Westminster, Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General, said that the Tudor IV was operating on a sea crossing of almost 2,000 miles, one of the longest used regularly for passenger services. The evidence suggested that of all available aircraft this was probably the most suitable for this route

THE FIRST JUDICIAL INQUIRY TO BE HELD INTO AN AIR ACCIDENT SINCE THE R.101 AIRSHIP DISASTER IN 1930 : This was the scene in Church House, Westminster, as Lord Macmillan started the investigation into the loss of the "Star Tiger," the Tudor IV air-liner which disappeared while on a flight from the Azores to Bermuda on the night of January 29 last with thirty-one persons, including Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, on board. One of the principal witnesses at the inquiry was Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett, who was head of British South American Airways at the time of the loss of the *Star Tiger*. Air Vice-Marshal Bennett was unable to throw any light on the causes of the disaster, and he repudiated the suggestion that the use of the Tudor IV on this route constituted an unwarranted risk. He indicated that sabotage might be a possible cause



ONE OF THE NEW SHORT SOLENTS—THE FLYING-BOAT "SOUTHSEA," BUILT BY SHORTS AT ROCHESTER FOR THE BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION, SEEN DURING A TEST FLIGHT: Altogether twelve Solents have been completed so far and they will use the new Southampton terminal on the Imperial routes to Africa and Australia. The South African service will have its southern terminal on the River Vaal, and will provide a speedy link between London and South Africa's industrial capital. The Solents are spacious four-engined craft, and they can be expected to provide a high degree of reliability. Despite this building programme, the future of flying-boats is still very much in the balance, and in some quarters it is believed that B.O.A.C. does not intend to use them longer than necessary. This view may be due largely to the fact that on the Imperial routes B.O.A.C. has to provide and maintain its own bases. British South American Airways, on the other hand, is believed to be in favour of flying-boats. In opening Berth 50, the new flying-boat terminal at Southampton, last week Lord Nathan was non-committal regarding the future of flying-boats, but he declared that, as the only country now using flying-boats on an extensive scale, we faced a particular problem not to place ourselves at a disadvantage compared with competitors using aeroplanes



THE "SOUTHSEA" ON THE WATERS OF THE MEDWAY: *Left*—The newly-launched Solent flying-boat about to take off, and (*right*) being moored in the river after leaving Shorts' Rochester yards. The Solents will be greatly exceeded in size by the Saunders Roe SR.45s, the three 140-ton flying-boats now being built at Cowes, and which were originally scheduled to go into service this year. There have been rumours that the S.R.45s might be scrapped, and these were not denied by Lord Nathan in a statement given recently in the House of Lords. Altogether there are to be eighteen Solents flying on the Imperial routes

CHIANG S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE

A New Role For China's Nationalist Leader

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE seems to have been war of some kind in China ever since Sun Yat-sen's revolution thirty-seven years ago. Nobody but a military historian or staff college specialist could tell a connected story covering even a few years in succession. The one possible course for the layman is to cling to Chiang Kai-shek in the hope that flashes may periodically illuminate the major milestones.

The first heard of one who came to be numbered among the Big Four of the earth was in 1920, when the thirty-three-year-old Chung-Cheng graduated as head of Whampoa Military Academy.

Previously, Chung-Cheng had been a disciple of Sun's new Kuomintang political party for the regeneration of China, and he and his fellow-cadets now became the mainstays of Sun's army at Canton. They also fell strongly under the influence of the Soviet agent, Borodin, who had founded Whampoa.

At Sun's death, in 1925, the brilliant former cadet-leader, now become Chiang Kai-shek, was rocketed to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Kuomintang army, and there followed two astonishing years of soldiering. Province after province was recovered from "war lords" and "bandits"; the Yangtse was reached; finally a Government was set up at Nanking. And here, in the following year (1927), Chiang first showed his true feelings towards Communism.

He sacked Borodin, also his own chief of staff, the Russian General Galen, and, as if to celebrate the fact, crossed to Japan and there married Miss Mayling Soong, related to the great Sun Yat-sen.

Chiang even announced that he had retired, so blithe did the victorious warrior feel. Yet he was soon back in command of the Army and in control of a Kuomintang Government—and there we shall leave him for the next decade, through all the troubles of the War Lords, and the Red "bandits," and the "China Incident." Chiang fought the invading Japanese so tenaciously as to become a hero outside China, as well as Generalissimo inside it.

In 1938 Chiang submitted to the creation of a People's Political Council, to advise his Government, and he now traces "the worst of my many blunders in the past ten years" to the existence of this body. "I allowed the Communists to take part in the Council during the war with Japan. The tolerance I showed them, the privileges I gave them, resulted in the present civil war."

For to-day, after twenty-two years' rule, the mighty Marshal is, if not in penitent, at any rate in confessorial mood. He addressed 300 notables at Nanking and told them why he did not wish to be elected President. He stunned them, but was adamant with the resolution formed by a protracted sojourn, and much Methodist introspection, at lonely Kuling.

Madame Chiang, who likes New York and Rio so, listened in the audience as her bald, copper-headed husband of sixty-one (General Stilwell used to refer to him as "Peanut") gave his reasons for saying that the Presidency should go outside the party—the hitherto all-dominant, all-grasping Kuomintang.

The civil war must be shown in its true light, said Chiang. The Communists insisted that it was a clash between two parties. Very well—let one of the parties step down. Then the struggle would appear for what it was—a conflict between the Reds "determined to undermine the very existence of our country" on the one side, and China's national life and culture on the other.

Chiang therefore suggested a non-party President with profound understanding of Chinese history, culture and tradition; and all present knew he meant Dr. Hu Shih. And thoughts were followed in a hushed stillness, so great remained the prestige of him who had provoked them. At their centre was the question: What of the Generalissimo?

The answer would seem to lie in the general state of the immense battlefield.

The whole of the wealthy territory of Manchuria up in the north is as good as lost to the Communist General Lin and the political boss Mao, each backed by the Soviet Union. The only capital exceptions consist of a narrow corridor running up to the Mukden area, from North China, and Mukden itself. The Generalissimo is finding this corridor extremely costly to hold open, yet fears that, if he does not do so, swarms of Communist troops will pour southwards from Manchuria.

This threat of an invasion of North China is the more real in view of the fact that Communist elements are already entrenched in large areas between the Yellow River and the Yangtse. They even control many miles of the Yangtse's northern banks, and their advance guards are not only uncomfortably close to Hankow, but to the capital itself, Nanking.

Competent observers estimate that nothing short of 500,000 troops would be able to turn the tide and sweep the Communist forces back to Manchuria, saving isolated Pekin on the way, and perhaps again clearing the Mukden region. But doubt is expressed if Chiang can spare so many troops from China proper, where the situation also is critical—to say nothing of distant Sinkiang, above Tibet, which for four years has been slipping from China's grasp.

So far as one is able to penetrate the morass, Chiang owes his present situation to three main causes, and no brave words, such as he has been indulging at the same time as further admissions, are much good against them.

In the first place, Communist strategy has proved superior. "Strike scattered, isolated enemies, later powerful ones. Concentrate absolutely superior forces. . . . We are inferior, taken as a whole, but we hold absolute superiority in every section." Chiang admits as much when he says that henceforward his forces will no longer try to defend all points, but will concentrate for decisive blows. He likes pungent phrases. Formerly, against the Japs, he "traded space for time." Now he says the new strategy is one of "big eat little."

The Chinese Communists have scored, too, with political strategy. The peasants are of most use to them in their mobile, widely-dispersed warfare, so are given what is possible, and promised a lot more. Only the towns are still favourable to the Kuomintang, and the leeway here is being made up by the usual Communist deceits and fellow-travelling. Nanking is just now very exercised about the "Democratic League," which it outlawed rather late in the day, when the League had done most of its crypto-work.

The Communists owe some of their success to drawing the wool over American eyes. It was for long the fashion (started by Stilwell back in '42) for the Americans to say that the Chinese "Comms" were a better lot than the Nationalists. Only recently have Mao's directives come to light, showing him to be a complete Marxist fanatic.

In seeking to find out why Chiang has been steadily and severely losing in the past fifteen months, we next come to the salient fact that much of the Kuomintang has gone rotten. This refers to both the military and civilian spheres.

The aftermath of war has brought general tiredness, corruption and administrative decadence. Considering all the years the regime has been fighting somebody or other, foreign or domestic foe, this is understandable. But the corruption and tyranny of the dictatorship have long passed all bounds. The last straw was when the Americans discovered that Unrra supplies intended for starving and homeless millions were being dealt in by members of the Nanking regime—not only in the capital, but right and left up-country.

That there does not seem to be any hope for military victories over the Communists until the standards of honesty and efficiency in the provincial and county governments—as well as in the Army—are higher and until the people of China have been given stronger reasons for supporting Nanking, is the considered U.S. opinion. General Marshall, who knows the situation intimately from a recent year alongside Chiang, says there is no solution except a thorough spring-cleaning of the Chinese Government.

This brings us to the third main cause of Chiang's fall from being one of the Big Four. Withdrawal of American military aid. Some still goes through—as up to beleaguered Mukden by General Chennault's air transport—but the emphasis has been changed to helping civilian China direct, and setting Japan on her legs, so that the latter may act as American base against Soviet spreading over the Far East mainland in the event of China finally succumbing.

What, then, of the Generalissimo? Does he intend to step aside?

That was the first reading of his refusals and admissions. But it did not last. Chiang began to talk more and more of military affairs. He admitted grave military mistakes. "I confess that seven of the Government's best divisions have been destroyed in Manchuria. They were my best armies, that under my command accomplished the revolutionary campaigns with glory."

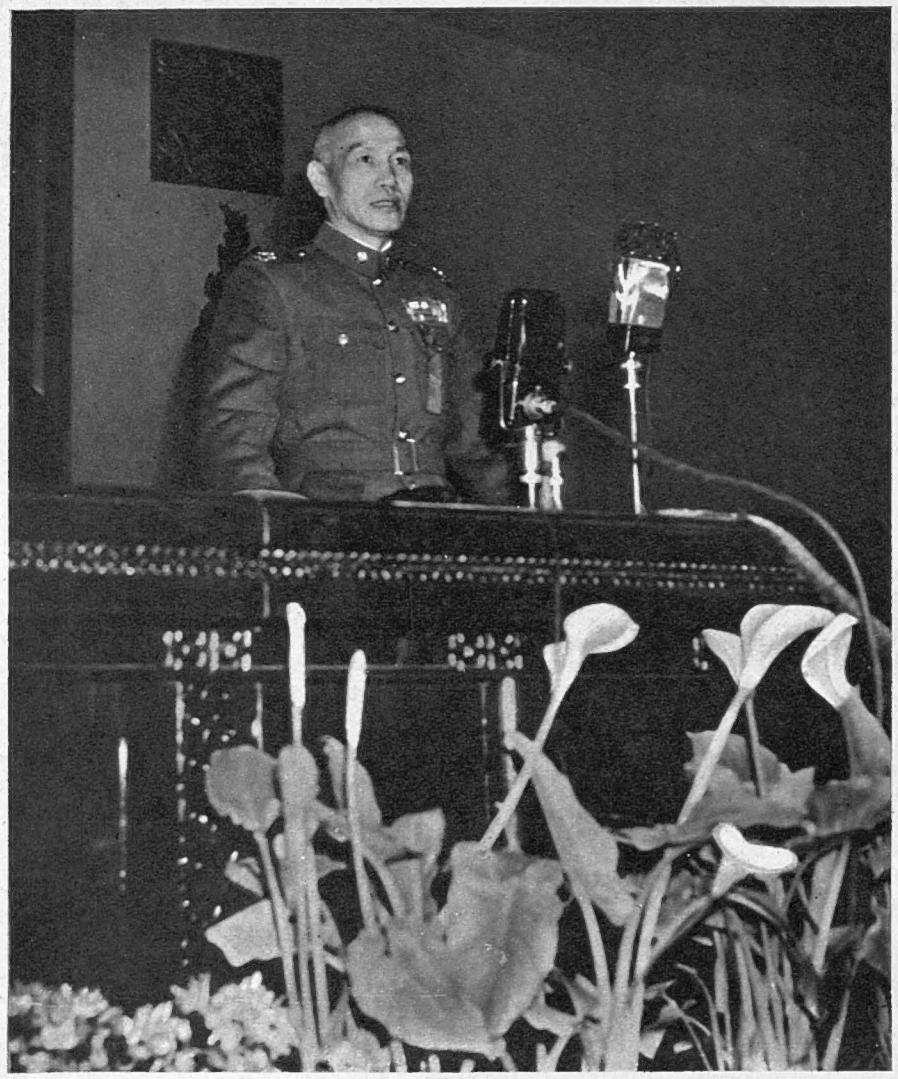
. . . The revolutionary campaigns. Chiang was back again in 1926, making his amazing advance through Hunan to the Yangtse.

A few days later, and a Kuomintang spokesman announced that the Generalissimo insisted on stepping down in order to lead a "holy war" against the Communists.

In fact, Chiang finds it meet to resume active command in the field, the while Dr. Hu Shih, or some other substitute, tries to make friends among the population, where the Kuomintang so signally failed.

The impression is that Chiang will attempt to hold the Yangtse Kiang at all costs, while making a series of strong drives against the main Communist forces between the Yangtse and the Yellow River. This would be the "big eat little" strategy of which he spoke, and, if successful, it might stir the Americans to resume serious military aid. Chiang may even be counting on the outbreak of a third world war.

Chiang s'en va-t-en guerre. If not, it may be the Premiership; but nothing so tame as retirement.



THE GENERALISSIMO RENOUNCES THE PRESIDENCY—CHIANG KAI-SHEK ADDRESSING THE CHINESE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN NANKING: Shortly after this speech he suggested that a non-partisan should be elected to the Presidency. General Chiang was first elected President of China in 1943 and was re-elected by the Central Executive of the Kuomintang when his three-year term expired in October 1946. Under the new constitution the President, who is also Commander-in-Chief, holds office for six years and is eligible for re-election once only. The minimum age-limit for presidential candidates is forty. General Chiang is now sixty-one. Last week proceedings in the Nanking National Assembly were punctuated by constant brawls, and even fisticuffs, between the delegates from different provinces and different parties. The stormy debate, symptomatic of the growing chaos in China, followed a report on the military situation by the War Minister, the northern delegates violently attacking the Government for its failure to punish unsuccessful commanders. [Since Mr. Tuohy's article was written Chiang has allowed himself to be persuaded to stand again for the Presidency. The Chinese background remains unaltered, but the question now is, Will the Generalissimo combine active military command with his civil office?]

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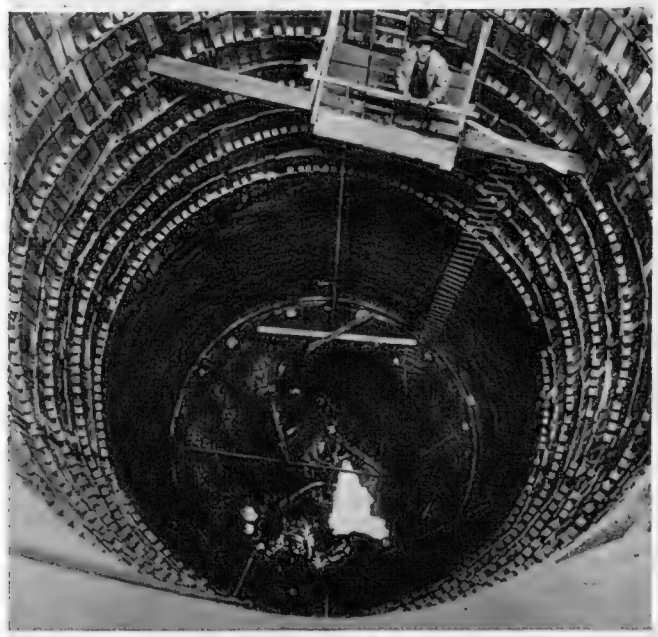
THE 2.55 FROM WILLESDEN BEGINS ITS JOURNEY TO RUGBY: It is just like any other train except for the anemometer on the engine and the dynamometer car. The purpose of the anemometer equipment is to measure the speed and direction of the wind, and when these data have been matched with the data in the dynamometer car, railway engineers are able to work out exactly what effort the engine has been putting into its task of pulling and what resistance the carriages have registered against the tractive force. This is the only known train of its kind, and it will provide designers of the new rolling-stock for the British Railways with data not available on any other railway system in the world. A series of trial runs between Willesden and Rugby were inaugurated in the course of this month

IN THE DYNAMOMETER CAR OF THE 2.55: In the foreground is the control panel maintaining contact with the engine, and beyond it the machine which records the pull of the engine and the resistance of the cars. Pull and resistance are measured by a spring connecting the load of four standard carriages with the dynamometer car between them and the engine. The extension of the spring moves a pen which records automatic readings on a chart

HIGH-SPEED COAL-BORING ON THE WELSH MARCHES—PREPARING TO SINK THE NEW PIT AT CRACKLEY BANK, NEAR SHIFNAL, SHROPSHIRE: The jack-knife boring derrick in operation on the site of the new colliery. With "mud-flushed drilling," a method never before used in the coalfields, a new 2-ft.-thick seam at a depth of 1,610 ft. was found recently on this site. The boring, which at times went down at the rate of 1 ft. a minute, took twenty-three days to reach the seam. By normal methods the time taken would have been twelve months. The National Coal Board is now engaged in surveying and pit-sinking throughout the country. At Calverton, Notts., the new workings are expected to yield 1,500,000 tons of coal per annum. In each of the next eight years about ten long-term projects will be started, each costing up to £3,000,000 and taking about six years



SINKING THE NEW SHAFT AT MANTON COLLIERY, WORKSOP: Looking down into the depths during the progress of pneumatic drilling operations at this colliery, which has an ultimate output target of 2,000,000 tons per annum. The sinking of the new Manton shaft was begun in August 1946, and it is estimated that it will take three years to carry it to a depth of about 3,000 ft. The shaft is 24 ft. in diameter. Between 40 ft. and 420 ft. the shaft passes through heavily watered strata, and gallons of water have been pouring in steadily upon the men, who are working in special clothing. As the shaft deepens, the flow is controlled by an ingenious system of cementing the surrounding area of earth and rock

MOVING A THREE-STOREY BRICK HOUSE TO THE NEXT BLOCK—A SPECTACULAR ENGINEERING FEAT ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE: The building is being moved to make room for the University of Chicago's Atomic Research Institute, excavation for which can be seen proceeding in the background. When this picture was taken, the house was being brought forward on steel trestles on roller bearings. At this stage the brickwork was standing up to the strain well

IN BEN YEHUDA STREET TO-DAY : Passers-by stop to read copies of the latest illustrated newspapers held up on a line with clothes-pegs. These men are actually studying a page from The Sphere depicting the Ben Yehuda Street disaster, and another page depicting the three-cornered battle in Jerusalem. It is to be hoped they marked well the references to hysterical Jewish reprisals against the supposed British authors of the crime, reprisals that led to the murder of nine Britons

THE TIDE OF JEWISH IMMIGRATION CONTINUES, BUT THE JEWS SWITCH THEIR PORT OF ENTRY INTO PALESTINE : Children arriving at the docks in the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv. They are Jewish refugees from German Displaced Persons' camps, and, together with older Jews from the Cyprus camps, they are being passed through Tel Aviv instead of Haifa. Port officials at Tel Aviv are preparing for an enormous increase in passenger traffic after May 15, when the Jewish Agency will launch out on a programme designed to bring 150,000 Jews to Palestine in a single year

MAINLY FROM THE WORLD'S TROUBLE CENTRES

A Foreign News Survey in Pictures

NEW SOVIET ENVOY ARRIVES IN TURKEY : Mr. Alexander Lavrichev, thirty-six-year-old Russian Diplomat, seen at Ankara airport. He is the first Soviet Ambassador to Turkey since the departure of Mr. Vinogradov two years ago. His arrival coincides with the arrival of vast shipments of American military equipment

On right—**100 FT. ABOVE THE RUINS OF BOMB-SCARRED FRANKFURT : This picture was taken as crowds thronged the riverside to watch Heinze Blume, a movie cameraman, at the start of his journey along a 500-yard cable. Blume erected his aerial chairway to follow acrobats and take pictures of their performance, but midway in the journey the chair jumped the cable and he was stuck. Before being rescued from his perch Herr Blume dropped his valuable movie camera**

THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE WORLD ZIONIST ORGANISATION MEETS IN SECRET SESSION IN TEL AVIV : The meeting is being addressed by Dr. Emmanuel Neumann (right, standing), of New York, who is giving his views on how world Jewry can aid the Jewish population of Palestine in setting up the Jewish State upon which the Jewish Agency has determined. At the same time Palestine's future has been the principal subject for discussion at the Arab League Council Meeting, which opened in Cairo in the second week in April. The Arabs reaffirmed that they were ever ready to accord the Jews in Palestine their full share as equal citizens in a Palestinian State, and that Jews would be allowed every freedom short of the right to secede. The Council affirmed its unshakable resolve to prevent the establishment of a Zionist political state in Palestine

INDIA'S "ANNIES" GET GOING: Members of the new Dominion's smallest police force—the women's branch of the Delhi Police—being trained in the use of Stens. This diminutive but determined force, numbering only about a score, has already been in action several times to assist the police in matters of law and order where the mere male finds himself at a disadvantage—such as ejecting women refugee squatters who try to occupy vacant houses. The women in the force are all specially selected. They must be between thirty-five and forty-five years of age. The majority of them are refugees; some are married; others are widows who have lost their husbands during the disturbances. They have to be ready to do duty in any part of the province at any time of the night or day

WOMEN STEN-GUNNERS OF THE DELHI POLICE: Members of the newly-created force on parade for instruction. It is hoped that this force will grow into an autonomous branch of the police with its own officers and separate headquarters. There are already two women head constables, and the capital's first woman sub-inspector will soon be appointed

THE POPE GIVES AN AUDIENCE TO EXILED ITALIAN YOUTH: His Holiness seen at the Vatican with Italian children who emigrated to Germany during the days of the Rome-Berlin Axis. The youngsters have been on a visit to Italy arranged by the Italian Red Cross, to give them a respite from the hardships of Germany. It was noted that the youngsters were well clothed

IN STRIFE-TORN COLOMBIA: A mob milling round the offices of "La Prensa," in the town of Barranquilla, just before storming the building. One of their number is seen inciting them to action. "La Prensa" is a Conservative newspaper. The mob is said to have been incited by Communist agents, including two Russians, and the main purpose of the riots was to bring to a premature end the Inter-American Conference taking place in the Colombian capital, Bogota. The cities of Bogota and Medellin have suffered more materially in the riots than the port of Barranquilla

GREEK REGULAR ARMY TROOPS ENGAGE IN AN AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION: Clad in American-made fur "parkas" and paddling American-made rubber boats, they are seen just before making a landing on the coast of Thessaly in an effort to outflank guerilla positions. The landings took place with little or no opposition. Some of them were in the region of Katerine, which lies across the Gulf of Salonika from Salonika

RUSHING FORWARD TO THEIR FIRST OBJECTIVES: Greek Regulars landing on the shores of the Gulf of Salonika in an operation designed to round up guerillas. At times the guerillas have proved most elusive, but the Government troops have had a few successes of recent weeks

H.M.S. "EURYALUS" IN DOCKYARD CREEK—THE 5,000-TON CRUISER OF THE DIDO CLASS AT HER MOORINGS IN MALTA HARBOUR: These are extremely busy days in the port, with British and United States warships much in evidence, and the usual flow of merchant shipping. The "Euryalus" was one of three new cruisers laid down in 1937 and completed just after the outbreak of war. She carries a main armament of ten radar-operated 5·25-in. dual-purpose guns

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CORRADINO HEIGHTS: H.M.S. "Mauritius," 8,000-ton cruiser of the Fiji class, in the Marsa Harbour at Malta. In the foreground is the King George V children's playground, which was opened by Governor Sir Charles Bonham Carter in 1939 and, in common with large areas of Valetta, suffered bomb damage during the war

BUSY DAYS AT MALTA

British and United States Naval Units Forgather in the Port

The United States Navy, which has fifteen warships in the Mediterranean, is much in evidence in Grand Harbour, Malta. British cruisers have also been visiting Valetta lately, and these pictures show *Euryalus* and *Mauritius* at their moorings. Malta, more than ever a strategic key in Mediterranean affairs, is having a hard time solving the problems born of war, but thanks to allotments from the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund and to grants for maintenance of food subsidies, she is being tided over until such time as she can produce a balanced budget. Britain has recognised in the only practical way possible her debt to the island for its unique service in the long-drawn-out crisis of war. To date grants to the George Cross Island have totalled over £30,000,000. Malta does not benefit directly under Marshall Aid. Britain is pledged to aid Malta in the weighty task of reconstructing her bombed buildings, and during the past two years work has progressed rapidly. Since 1946 Mr. Campbell Douglas has been Governor of Malta.

THREE UNITED STATES DESTROYERS IN DOCKYARD CREEK, GRAND HARBOUR—THE SATELLITES OF THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "PHILIPPINE SEA," WHICH DID NOT ENTER THE HARBOUR, ANCHORING SEVERAL MILES OUT TO SEA: The destroyers were recent visitors to the port under the command of Rear-Admiral Jennings of Carrier Division Four, one of the spearheads of the United States Fleet in Mediterranean waters. The "Philippine Sea," it may be remembered, was in the news last year when escorting Admiral Byrd's expedition to the Far South. In the centre foreground of this picture is Malta Harbour's ancient look-out post. The buildings in the background would appear to be intact, but a close examination of the picture evidences some heavy bomb damage

A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND: The crowned Madonna borne on a decorated car through the blitzed streets of Valetta following the annual ceremony of crowning the Madonna conducted at Floriana by the Metropolitan Archbishop of Malta, Michele Gonzi. The car was draped with a white sheet, and over it were laid magnificent sprays of flowers, the gift of various religious organisations

THE PEOPLE ASSEMBLE OUTSIDE THE BLITZED CHURCH OF SAINT PUBLIUS: A glimpse of the great gathering of islanders at Floriana, on the outskirts of Valetta, for the ceremony of crowning the Madonna. The festival, celebrated at the orders of the Pope, is dedicated to the sick

LONDON AND SUSSEX

Restoring the Temple : Two Great Sussex Estates for the Nation

The Temple suffered serious damage during the raids on London, but plans for its rebuilding are now completed and the architectural character of the buildings is to be preserved with little alteration. J. Hubert Worthington is the architect for the restoration of the Inner Temple and Clyde Young for the Middle Temple, with Edward Maufe as consulting architect. Close collaboration has been maintained, involving an exchange of properties in one instance. A part of the site of Harcourt Building in the Inner Temple has been ceded to Middle Temple, in return for which the site of the totally destroyed Lamb Buildings in the Middle Temple will be left unbuilt on, leaving a clear space between Inner Temple Hall and the Temple Church. The nineteenth-century Gothic Inner Temple Hall will be rebuilt in stone, on the old foundations, to a new design, and preserving the fifteenth-century buttery, which survived the blitz. The rebuilding of the chambers will be in red brick in the style of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century builders—Timbrell, Nicholas Barbon and others. Edward Maufe's plans for the arcaded cloister at the end of Pump Court were designed to have seven arches (instead of the original eight), with a central void instead of a central pier, and the substitution of a cornice for a parapet. Subsequent to his making the design, an original drawing, signed by Sir Christopher Wren, was found in the possession of Middle Temple, which showed a similar plan, and his design must have been altered in the execution of the original building. The 1947 Town and Country Planning Act contains a specially-inserted clause exempting the Temple from the control of local authorities.

THE TEMPLE TO-DAY : In the centre of the picture are the ruins of Inner Temple Hall, with Pump Court on the left and Paper Buildings on the right. On the skyline, left, can be seen the Law Courts and, extreme right, the dome of St. Paul's and the spire of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Plans have now been completed to restore the Temple

COURT HILL FARM AT SLINDON PARK : There are four farms on the estate, covering 1,300 acres. In the background is Nore Hill. The estate occupies some 3,600 acres near Arundel, in Sussex. Slindon House was considerably enlarged during Elizabeth's reign and later. During the war it was used as a hospital, but it has been uninhabited since 1946. In the past it has been used as a summer residence by successive Archbishops of Canterbury

THE FOLLY ON NORE HILL ON THE SLINDON ESTATE : 474 ft. above sea-level, the folly is reputed to have been used formerly as a seamark

SLINDON HOUSE FOR THE NATION : Mr. Isaacson bought the property in 1908 and he restored it to its Elizabethan character. Slindon Park and Slindon House were recently left to the National Trust by Mr. F. J. F. Wootton Isaacson with a substantial endowment. The estate, which covers 3,600 acres on the south slope of the Sussex Downs from the village of Slindon to Bignor Hill, is mentioned in the Domesday Book, and was used as a summer residence in Henry I's reign. The house, which contains 100 rooms, was largely rebuilt in Queen Elizabeth's time. Mr. Isaacson's sister, Violet Lady Beaumont, has stated that arrangements with the National Trust permit her to live at the manor and to hand it down to a relative or friend The estate includes a large part of the village of Slindon. and there are a number of footpaths across it, to which the public have access

LORD LECONFIELD PRESENTS PETWORTH HOUSE TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: The picture above was taken from the entrance arcade, looking towards the chapel

THE WEST FRONT OF PETWORTH HOUSE: The present building was erected between 1688 and 1696, but the estate dates back to 1150. The house contains a valuable collection of pictures and works of art. It will be some months before the public can visit Petworth House, due to staff difficulties

Petworth House was the principal estate, in the south, of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, until Elizabeth, orphaned heiress of the eleventh Earl, married the sixth Duke of Somerset. In 1750, the northern estates of the Percies passed to the Duke's granddaughter (by his son) and her husband, Sir Hugh Smithson, who took the Percy name and was created Duke of Northumberland. The Petworth estate went to Sir Charles Wyndham, his daughter's son, who was created Earl of Egremont. The Egremont title became extinct on the death of the third Earl in 1837, and Petworth then passed to his eldest son, Lord Leconfield. Petworth House, which was built between 1688 and 1696, is of more than ordinary interest, two of its most outstanding features being the Carved Room and the Painted Staircase. The Carved Room was decorated by Grinling Gibbons in 1692 and Louis Laguerre's Painted Staircase was executed between 1715 and 1720. The famous collection of pictures includes works by Van Dyck, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner and Turner. Petworth House is the third great mansion to be thrown open to the public in recent months. Hatfield House was reopened at Easter, followed soon after by Slindon House.

On right—**SPRING AT PETWORTH HOUSE: The south-west corner of the great mansion, showing the fine old trees and lawns which surround it. The house is set in one of the most beautiful parts of Sussex, within easy range of many seaside holiday towns**

WHERE AMERICA TESTS OUT HER NEWEST TORPEDOES

Experiments at Morris Dam in the Heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains of California

MORRIS DAM'S GIANT "PEA SHOOTER"—THIS IS THE MOUTH OF THE 300-FT. COMPRESSED-AIR, FIXED-ANGLE TORPEDO-LAUNCHING TUBE AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S TORPEDO TEST RANGE IN THE EIGHT-MILE MAN-MADE LAKE IN THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA: From the tube torpedoes are shot with terrific force into the calm waters, and their behaviour is recorded by instruments. The greatly increased speeds of modern aircraft have made necessary the development of new types of torpedo, and this device at Morris Dam has already contributed vastly to America's knowledge of the subject. A larger variable-angle launcher is now in course of being installed at the dam site

THIS TORPEDO TOOK A SHARP LEFT TURN: The instantaneous camera records the behaviour of a missile after leaving the fixed-angle torpedo-launching tube at Morris Dam. Since 1943 more than 3,000 test torpedoes have been launched on the Underwater Ordnance Test Range at Morris Dam, and eccentric performances such as this are no rarity when revolutionary designs are being tried out

A SUBMARINE TORPEDO ENTERS ITS ELEMENT: A test missile about to strike the water on being launched from the variable-angle launcher at the Underwater Ordnance Test Range at Morris Dam. The dam has had more torpedoes launched in its peaceful waters than were launched by America's carrier-planes against the Japanese Navy during the Second World War

THE NOSE OF THE MISSILE HITS THE WATER: The moment of impact recorded by the high-speed camera. Before full-scale torpedoes are fired hundreds of missiles are tested out in United States naval laboratories

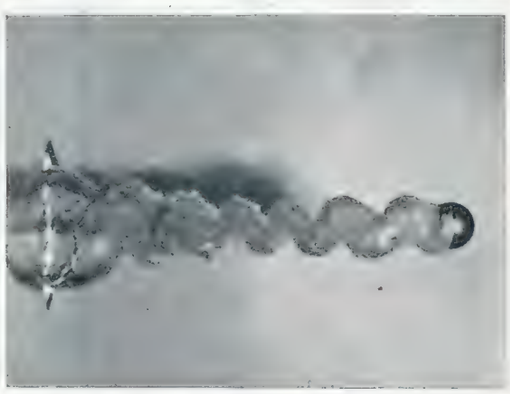
WITH TWO TRAILS OF SMOKE POURING FROM ITS TAIL: A test missile about to disappear beneath the waters of Morris Dam. Sometimes torpedoes do not come to the surface, burying themselves in the mud at the bottom of the 200-ft. deep lake, and it becomes necessary for divers to descend for them

Underwater damage is the most crippling that can be inflicted on warships, and whether the blow be delivered from the torpedo tube of a submarine or by one of the torpedo-carrying aircraft of the Fleet Carrier Force the principles involved are much the same. The Underwater Ordnance Division of the United States Navy has been lately increasing its research in this direction, and at its Pasadena Test Station at Morris Dam research in the complicated problems of hydrodynamics has already brought some important results. The pictures on these pages show (*on left*) the full-scale tests in the Morris Dam lake, and (*on right*) the tank tests which precede the work at Morris Dam. Research at the dam is carried on by a team of expert physicists working under the overall direction of Commander H. D. Hilton, the officer in charge of the Pasadena Division. In addition to the 300-ft. fixed-angle, compressed-air launching tube which at present hurls the missiles into the water, there is now nearing completion a launcher which will be able to fire torpedoes at almost any angle that would be encountered in service

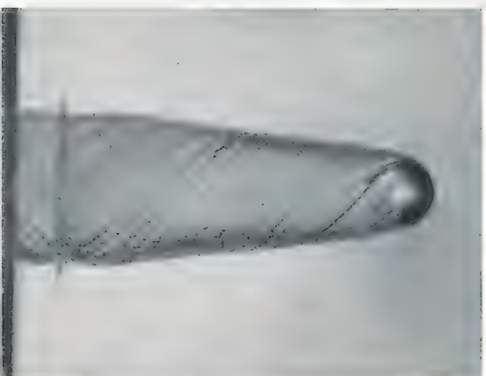
BEFORE THE OUTDOOR TESTS AT MORRIS DAM—INDOOR TESTS WITH MODEL TORPEDOES SPONSORED BY THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF ORDNANCE: A model torpedo entering the test tank after launching. This picture, together with those shown below, was taken with an exposure time of ten micro seconds with special high-speed camera equipment. Ten micro seconds is an abbreviated term for ten one-millionths of one second. In this lightning process an ordinary camera shutter is not employed. A rapidly flashing light causes the continuous role of film used by the operator to be divided into a series of separate frames

THE MODEL MISSILE PLUNGES INTO THE TEST TANK—A PRELIMINARY TO FULL-SCALE TESTS AT MORRIS DAM: Here the high-speed camera shows the plume of water thrown up by the torpedo. The plume is now at its height. Note the curve of the water from the plume down to the normal surface caused by the displacement of the missile itself, plus the air which follows in its wake

PICTURES THAT HELP TO SOLVE SOME OF THE RIDDLES OF MODERN HYDRODYNAMICS—THREE STAGES IN THE BRIEF BUT HECTIC CAREER OF A MODEL TEST TORPEDO: *Left*—The model plunges into a tank at a speed of 143 ft. per second. *Centre*—The missile is nearing the end of its run and the surface of the water is faintly disturbed by the nose of the missile. *Right*—The missile rears its nose above the water. In its long wake can be seen three distinct furrows



WATCHING THE BEHAVIOUR OF 2-IN.-DIAMETER STEEL BALLS WHEN MOVING AT SPEED THROUGH THE WATER: *Left*—A ball revolving at twenty-four revolutions per second appears like this through the lens of the high-speed camera. *Centre*—At eighty revolutions per second its wake reveals a pronounced corkscrew twist, while at 120 revolutions per second a complete corkscrew is in evidence. These particular experiments with 2-in. steel balls have provided valuable hydrodynamic data in tank tests, data which has subsequently been made use of in the torpedo tests conducted from the launcher at Morris Dam



WATCHING THE BEHAVIOUR OF 3-IN.-DIAMETER STEEL BALLS: *Left*—This is recording twenty-four revolutions per second, while that in the centre is at eighty revolutions. *Right*—At 120 revolutions the wake is at its most turbulent, differing markedly from the wake of the 2-in.-diameter steel ball

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" CALLS AT CHERBOURG FOR THE FIRST TIME: Captain C. M. Ford, Master of the 80,000-ton liner, standing on the exposed portion of the bridge as he watched the vessel creep cautiously into Cherbourg Harbour. The telephoto lens gives a close-up of the fort on the outer breakwater. The last call at Cherbourg by a big Cunard White Star liner was made by the *Queen Mary* in August 1939. The Germans in their retreat from Cherbourg did an immensity of damage to the port and approaches, and it is only now deemed safe to resume the Cherbourg call by big ships. Even now underwater obstructions make navigation near the harbour a matter for extreme precision. The service will be of immense benefit to French travellers using the Queen liners. Until lately they have had to make the Calais-Dover or Dieppe-Newhaven crossing and the rail journey to Southampton before embarking, thus losing a whole day on the journey from Paris to New York

THE PURGE TRIUMVIRATE—THE MOST DISCUSSED COMMITTEE OF RECENT YEARS: The men who have been selected to consider representations made by Civil Servants suspected of Communist or Fascist associations. Left to right—Sir Maurice Holmes; Sir Thomas Gardiner, chairman of the Committee and former Director-General of the Post Office; and Sir Frederick Leggett, formerly Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Labour

TWO PERSONALITIES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL IN GROSVENOR SQUARE: Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the Minister of Health, standing next to Mr. James Rothschild, the millionaire racehorse owner. Mr. Bevan's fight with the British Medical Association appears at the time of writing to be approaching a welcome compromise, the Minister having made certain concessions as a gesture to the doctors

KATE KENNEDY DAY AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: Students pay tribute to their patroness in their traditional historical pageant. Leading the pageant through the university town was St. Andrew bearing his characteristic cross, and at the end of the procession was a soldier of the Second World War. Lady Katherine Kennedy, impersonated by a science student, William Reid, was escorted to her open carriage by her uncle, Bishop Kennedy. At the Town Hall the Lady Kate was accorded a civic reception and presented with a silver cigarette-case. A large crowd turned out in the streets of St. Andrews to see the procession. The Kennedy tradition at St. Andrews dates back to the fifteenth century when James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, was a power both as churchman and politician

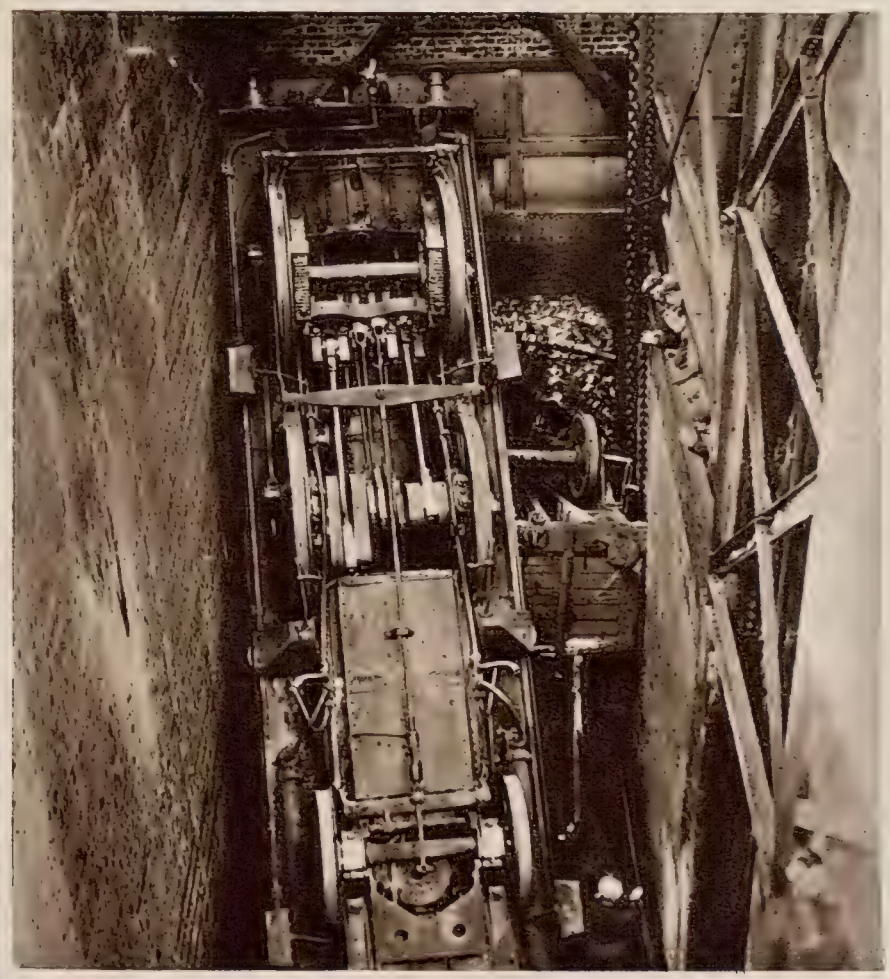
KATE KENNEDY DRIVES THROUGH THE STREETS OF ST. ANDREWS: Lady Katherine (played by W. Reid, a first-year science student) and her uncle, Bishop Kennedy (played by N. M. Bain), passing through the university town in their decorated coach. The procession made its first halt at the home of Sir James Irvine, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrews University, where set speeches were delivered, and the next call was at the St. Andrews Town Hall for the civic reception

THE LIFEBOAT "EDGAR GEORGE ORLANDO AND EVA CHILD" ARRIVES AT HER STATION AT ST. IVES: The new vessel, recently built at Cowes for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, being hauled up the beach by tractor on reaching her destination. The boat is of the light Liverpool type, and, with a speed of 7 knots, she will be able to travel 100 miles without refuelling. The former St. Ives lifeboat, also of the light Liverpool type, has been transferred to Ferryside, Carmarthen, which formerly had a self-righting craft. The late Mr. Orlando Francis Child, the late Miss Edith Cockroft, the late Major G. W. Wilson, and the late Mr. Barwick Pole all contributed to the cost of the new boat, and to mark the joint gift the lifeboat has been given a composite name

ONCE AGAIN TO BE THE HOME OF MUSICAL COMEDY—BUT NOT JUST YET: Workmen are erecting scaffolding outside the old bomb-damaged Gaiety Theatre in the Strand. This is not the first step towards the rebirth of the theatre. It appears that part of the canopy over the theatre entrance was blown down, and the whole structure is now being examined to see if it will have to come down or can be strengthened. Mr. Lupino Lane bought the theatre in 1946. He intends to restore it as the home of musical comedy. That is still a distant prospect, for theatres are not on the Ministry of Works priority list

MICHAEL BUTTON HAS A FLAIR FOR SCULPTURING HORSES: Eleven-year-old Michael, who hails from Orpington, Kent, at work on one of his sculptural groups which have won him high praise from art experts. Michael has never had an art lesson in his life, and he works entirely from memory. He has a remarkable appreciation of line and movement

EYEFUL FOR A PARISIENNE: Mlle S. Parouty, a French research worker, operating the new super-microscope, which is among the most interesting exhibits at the Physical Society's Exhibition at the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington. The new microscope—known as the Metrovick 100 KVA Electron Microscope Prototype EM3—is a British development of a German idea. It uses magnets and electrical particles in place of lenses. Under the strongest ordinary microscope a human hair looks like a hawser, but magnified 100,000 times it would be thicker than the biggest oak. The principle of the microscope is as follows: A jet of electrons is fired at the specimen to be magnified. Some get through, others do not. Those which do get through form a "negative," which is then enlarged 200 times by a magnetic focusing lens. Another lens takes a small part of this negative and magnifies it again. On the viewing screen the operator sees what looks like a television picture of the specimen enormously enlarged. Doctors are using the device to study viruses



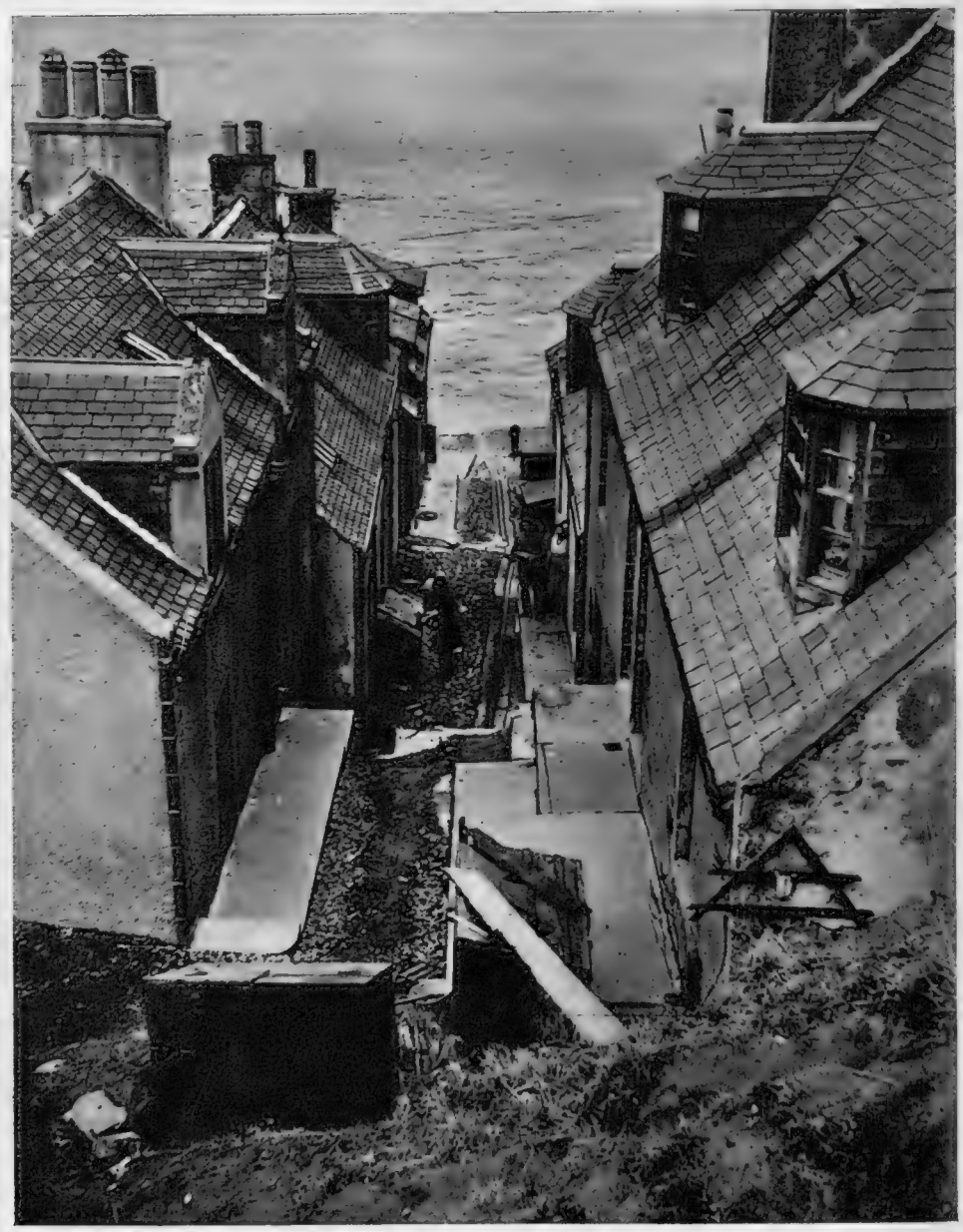
THE LOCOMOTIVE THAT PLUNGED DOWN A 42-FT. LIFT-SHAFT: Together with four wagons, the engine fell down a goods lift at Waterloo Station from the high-level station to the Waterloo and City line. At the time of the accident the locomotive was propelling the wagons on to the lift. Two had been placed on the lift when it started to sink and it carried the other wagons and the engine with it. Driver A. Wheeler and Fireman A. W. Sutton jumped clear and men working at the bottom of the lift shaft also got clear. The locomotive landed upside down on top of the four wagons. As the fire still burned in the engine there was danger of an explosion, so all services were suspended on the Waterloo and City line

GARDENSTOWN HAS FOUR BIG PROBLEMS

A Little Scottish Fishing Village and Its Troubles

WHERE EROSION THREATENS THE FRONT DOORS AND ROCK-FALLS THREATEN THE BACK DOORS : The little fishing village of Gardenstown, on the coast of Banffshire, some fifty miles north-west of Aberdeen, faces four serious problems. The village is threatened by erosion from the sea ; it has a shortage of houses and roads, a shortage of water ; and landslides from the red rock of the cliffs are frequently occurring. The fishermen of Gardenstown have one more grouse : the harbour is heavily affected by tides. The street in front of the houses on the foreshore is so narrow and rough that the dustmen complain that they cannot get their carts along it. It is understood that a deputation from Banff County Council is to see the Secretary of State for Scotland and lay before him the four big problems of Gardenstown

WHERE THE SEA WASHES THE DOORSTEPS AND THE BOATS ARE TOO OFTEN HIGH AND DRY : *Right*—A narrow alleyway in the little village of Gardenstown, which descends steeply to the water's edge. The houses are in good condition, but it is feared that in a few years they will be washed away by the sea. *Left*—Fishing-boats in the harbour. At the moment they are idle, but when the Scottish East Coast herring-fishing season starts on May 10 the little harbour will be the scene of considerable activity. At very low tides the fishermen have to use the port of Fraserburgh, about ten miles to the east



A POSSIBLE LINK WITH MAN AT THE LONDON ZOO—GRINNING, GOGGLE-EYED TARSIERS AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL FROM THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS: These animals, known to zoologists as arboreal mammals, have sucker-like discs at the ends of fingers and toes which enable them to grip branches as they leap from tree to tree in search of insects.

PHILIPPA, THE GIRL WITH THE GLARING EYES: Owl-like orbs help the tarsiers in their nocturnal wanderings in the forest. They are the first to be seen in Europe

THE TARSIERS AT LONDON ZOO

Mammals with Big Eyes, a Big Bite, and a Link with the Human Family

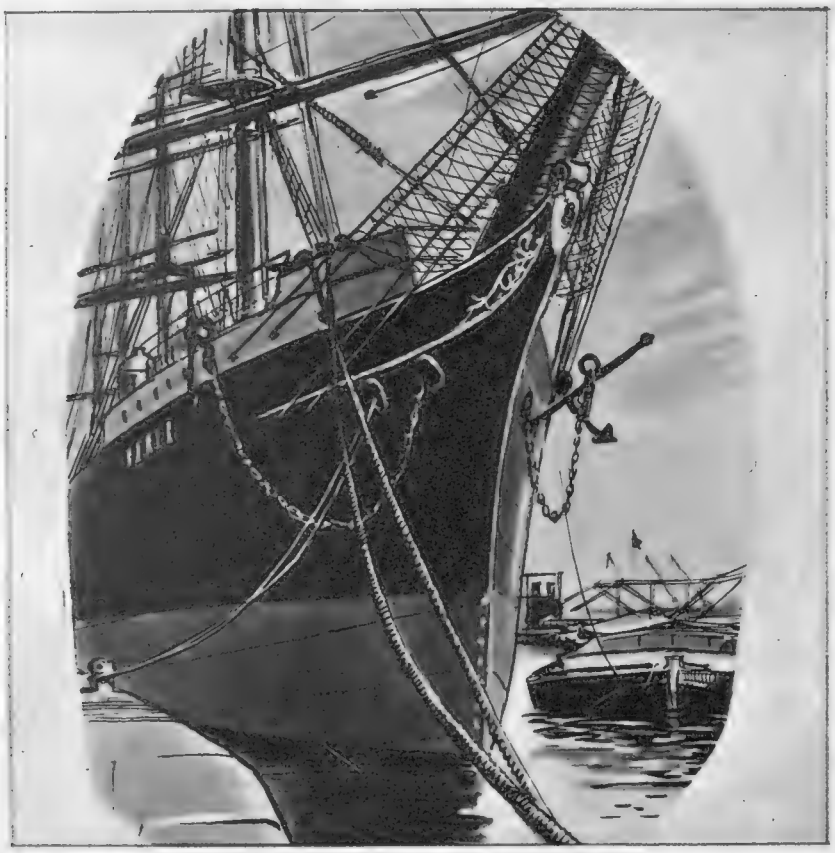
The tarsier is regarded as a possible link in the chain of evolution, and the skull of the species approaches more nearly to the ape type than any other lemur

From the Philippines, by way of Washington Zoo, have come three tarsiers who are now making their first appearance at Regent's Park. One male and two females make up the trio. When a tarsier is being handled at the zoo, the attendant has to wear thick leather gloves as the bite of the animal is so very powerful

A LARGE SWALLOW FOR A SMALL BEAR AT WELLINGBOROUGH ZOO PARK, NORTHANTS: This upstanding youngster is less than three months old, and with a fellow-traveller recently arrived by aeroplane from India. The bear, which was at first sent to Hall Zoo, has been given to Wellingborough Zoo by a friend of the owner, Mr. Stevens

On left—MR. CHURCHILL'S BLACK SWAN IS NOW AT REGENT'S PARK WITH HIS MOTHERLESS OFFSPRING: The mother of these six cygnets was killed when a fox recently attacked the family on Mr. Churchill's Chartwell Estate at Westerham, in Kent. After the attack, Mr. Churchill asked the London Zoo authorities to take charge of father and six offspring, and they are now settling down in their new abode. The two black swans were presented to Mr. Churchill by the Government of Western Australia

A RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER AT A LAY-BY BERTH IN THE SOUTH-WEST INDIA DOCK—A VESSEL WITH GROTESQUE BOWS SEEN IN THE PORT OF LONDON, WHERE SHE WAS BROUGHT FOR REPAIR: This is only one of the many unusual ships to be seen in the Port, and on these pages Mr. Laurence Dunn gives his impressions of the sights and scenes of dockland, where on any one day between 90 and 100 ships are usually lying at their berths. During the past winter ice-breakers have been extremely active, particularly in American waters, where the freeze-up interfered seriously with shipping—on the eastern seaboard and on inland waterways



THE STATELIEST VISITOR TO THE PORT OF LONDON: The 2,796-ton barque "Pamir" lying in the Shadwell Basin. She has been loading cement preparatory to sailing to the Continent, where she will load further cargo for her outward voyage. Although she flies the New Zealand Ensign, being now owned by that Government, she still rather surprisingly bears the name Mariehamn painted on her stern as port of registry. The bow decoration is very simple, and there is no carved figurehead, the central motif being the green, red-eyed dumpy figure of a Tiki, New Zealand symbol of good luck

A SEAHORSE EMBLEM FOR THE "BENGAZI": This attractive figurehead adorns the one-year-old Norwegian motorship which has been unloading a cargo of over 100,000 baskets of tomatoes at the Canary Wharf, West India Dock. Owned by the Fred Olsen Line, of Oslo, the "Bengazi" has a gross tonnage of 2,193. Scandinavian ships are using the figurehead increasingly these days

TTING READY FOR THE SUMMER-HOLIDAY TRAFFIC: The knifelike bows of the two paddlers "Golden Eagle" and "Royal Eagle," so beloved of Londoners. Owned by the General Steam Navigation Company, the ships have spent the winter months in the South-West India Dock, and now their spring-clean and overhaul is almost finished. The "Royal Eagle" is due to enter service at Whitsun, while the "Golden Eagle" follows three weeks later. They are to be joined by the newly-named "Crested Eagle"

A VETERAN OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS: Tucked away in a corner of the Millwall Dock is a small grey ship with a single yard on her foremast, the only suggestion of sail to be seen in this former haunt of windjammers. She is none other than the famous whaling research vessel "William Scoresby," 326 tons and owned by the Government of the Falkland Islands. Now twenty-two years old, she was built at Beverley, in Yorkshire, the birthplace of so many steam trawlers. The very high bows are reminders of the arduous service for which she was designed. She is named after the British explorer who charted the east coast of Greenland and who at the age of thirty-seven took holy orders

SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE THRONGED PORT OF LONDON

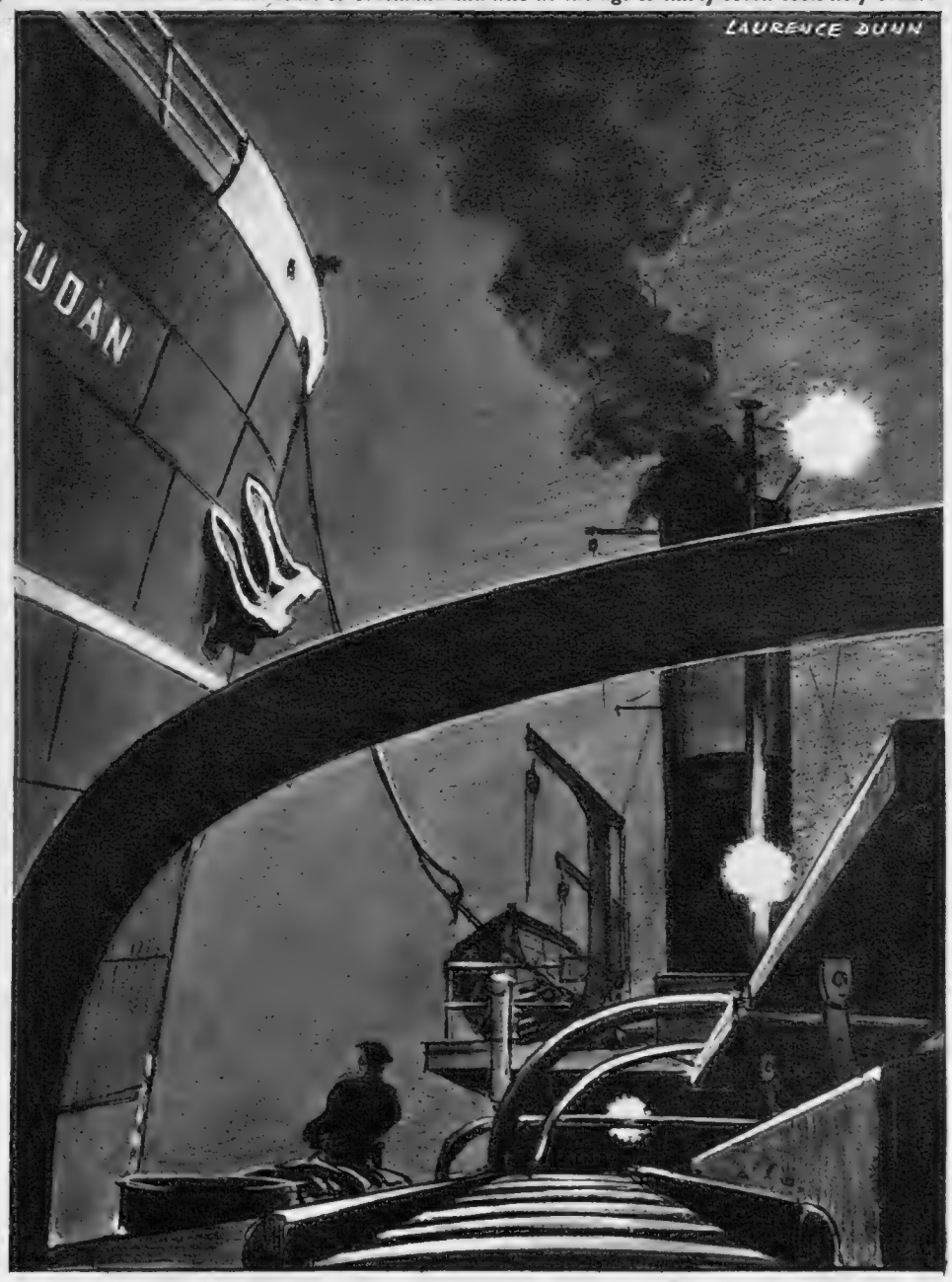
Some Unusual Vessels in Dockland as Seen by Laurence Dunn

With Britain's export figures reaching the highest figure ever—except for one month in 1920—it is little wonder that the Port of London is thronged with shipping; craft of every kind loading for the far corners of the world. Laurence Dunn, who drew the accompanying pictures during a visit to the Port, declares that on an average there is a total of over ninety ships in the P.L.A. docks on any one day, while there is a still larger number berthed in the river. The variety is often extraordinary. On one day recently, for instance, there were in dock a former Canadian Pacific coast-liner, various new fruit carriers, several cable steamers, a whaling research vessel and Switzerland's first specially built freighter. In addition to all these were the many liners, cargo ships, tankers, colliers and coasters which can inevitably be seen on the London river.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature in recent months has been the advent of so many new British-owned cargo liners of very high specification and speed, and which may best be seen in the Royal group of docks. The *Soudan* is one of the latest ships of this category to make London her home port.

By way of contrast, the well-known drifter *Girl Pat*, which figured so prominently in the news some years ago, when Captain Orsborn sailed her half across the world, is now owned by the Port of London Authority and lives a blameless life as a P.L.A. Wreck Marking Vessel.

The barque *Pamir*, captured as a prize from the Finns by the New Zealand Government, and which made such spectacularly fast time on her last trip from the Dominion, was in the Shadwell Basin until last week, when she loaded 1,400 tons of cement and left for Antwerp in tow. At Flushing Roads Belgian tugs took over, and in the Scheldt she is at the time of writing loading a further 1,900 tons of cargo. *Pamir's* journey back to New Zealand will be watched with interest, for upon her performance may depend her whole future.



On right—A BRAND-NEW LINER ARRIVES AT HER HOME PORT FOR THE FIRST TIME: The 10,000-ton "Soudan," latest P. & O. liner, passes her tow-rope to the Watkins tug "Napia" as they approach the entrance to the King George V Dock. The "Soudan" has been built on the Clyde by Barclay Curle and Co., Ltd., and is fitted with twin-screw Diesel engines developing 13,000 h.p. and giving a speed of 18 knots. She is the first of four similar ships now in course of building on the rivers Clyde and Tyne for the Far Eastern trade. Of these four, the two Tyne-built ships will both be turbine-driven

THE RHYTHM OF THE PUTT

Insights into an Art that Eludes the Majority of Golfers

By CHARLES GRAVES

AT least £50,000 changes hands every week-end at this time of year as a result of missed putts on British golf courses. For, in spite of the Stock Exchange slump, people are still betting heavily. And yet, the standard of putting is infinitely worse here than in the United States—not only among the pros, but also among the amateurs.

I shall never forget playing two years ago at Chevy Chase with three American 12-handicap players. All of them took for granted that they would sink any putt within 7 ft. of the hole, and invariably did so. Nor did they ever ask their caddies for the line. In Great Britain, amateurs cannot break themselves of the habit of asking advice from their caddie, even though they have been playing over the same course for years and know every blade of grass on the green. This in itself is fatal. No caddie can tell precisely how hard the golfer is going to hit the ball, so that his advice is almost useless except to say vaguely that the "borrow" is on the right or the left, unless the putt is straight.

This year the championships, as usual, will be decided on the putting greens, where Norman von Nida and Bobby Locke are outstanding. In the circumstances, it is strange that no golf writer—as far as I know—has ever troubled, until now, to collate the expressed views of even half-a-dozen of the leading players on this vital aspect of golf. Well, I have.

Let us start with Abe Mitchell, who, besides being one of the finest players that the game produced, was also one of our most intellectual professionals. He analysed putting very carefully. This is what he used to say: "You should stand for a putt as if for a short approach. The swing is the same. The stance should therefore be similar. Keep a grip with your left hand. It is when you loosen the left hand that you putt badly and push the ball out with the right. Swing steadily through the ball, do not tap it, making it roll along the green. Never stand too long after the address. Putt while the line is clear in your mind's eye. Touch the grass in the down swing under the ball. Many putts struck on the bottom edge of the putter finish short of the hole. A putt is a miniature drive. There should be a slight pivot of the body and a back swing. Remember to keep the club-head close to the green in the down swing; otherwise the ball will be half-topped. If your 3-yard putts fail to drop, press the hands slightly forward in the address. That will lessen the loft of the putter and will impart top spin. If your putts miss on either side of the hole, come back slower. Too many golfers adopt a different stance for their putting than for the rest of their game. Awkward stances make putting more difficult. The best thing to do is to stand comfortably and easily with the knees slightly bent. Aim to strike the ball in the centre and not halfway to the top. *If you are missing your very short putts, practise holing with the left hand alone.* Too often the right takes charge of the putter. Above all, remember that what would be a slice in a drive is often a pull in a putt."

According to Alan Dailey, you should always be up and never short. "On a 'borrowed' putt," he says, "your first look at the line is nearly always the best. If you have a putt with a left to right 'borrow,' hit the ball off the toe of the club. This will cause it to hold the line much more surely. If, however, the putt comes in from right to left, you should hit the ball with the heel of the putter to achieve the same result. Personally, when the greens are fast I do not follow-through so much, but I always try to have the smoothest possible rhythm on the back swing. My own grip is somewhat unusual. The forefinger of my left hand is held over the third and fourth fingers of the right."

Some years ago Alexander Morrison's book on golf created a furore. It chiefly dealt with full-length shots, but he also had something to say about putting which is worth a reminder. "Since putting is merely rolling the ball over the smooth surface of the green," he wrote, "a stroke with an extremely flat arc is used. It should be made with no perceptible body movement and very little in the arms. Most of the action is performed on the left forearm and the hands, which incorporate just enough wrist action to blend the back with the forward swing. Lining up a putt should be done by sighting over the cup towards the ball and then over the ball towards the cup. The mechanics of the putt are exactly the same as the mechanics of any other stroke. The same grip used in playing other shots should be used in putting, with the angle of the hands on the club adjusted comfortably. For example, the left hand need not be turned over so much as when playing distance shots. In addressing the ball the face of the putter should be placed at right angles to the intended line of the putt. Then the feet should be placed rather close together with most of the weight on the left leg. When the ball is hit with the putter it responds in virtually the same way to the striking of the club face as it does when hit with the driver. The face of the putter reacts to the positions and movements of the player's body exactly as does the face of any other club. In putting, as in playing all shots, try to swing the club so that the ball will be struck by either the centre of the club face or some point on the shaft side of the centre. This is the most solid striking section of the club face."

Henry Cotton says that he has practised until his back ached. Time and again he thought he had found the perfect positions. They included the left elbow out towards the hole; the right elbow on the side; both elbows out; ordinary overlapping grip; left over right overlapping grip; ball off the left foot; ball off the right foot; open stance; closed stance; tight left hand; tight right hand; very light grip; and a dozen more. He has tried aluminium putters, wooden putters, wry-necked cleek putters again and again in various ways. "I consider that a wooden-headed putter taught me to swing," he says, "because to putt well one must not hit solely but swing the club through the ball. I do not, however, recommend a wooden putter always, because when the greens are bumpy or rough a steel or aluminium putter is better. Walter Hagen once told me that every putt was different, and therefore required a different stroke to get the perfect result. I watched him coaxing the ball into the hole, cutting it, pulling up a slope, and half-topping it. There are many other methods such as squeezing, heeling, toeing, that Hagen used when they appeared to him to give the biggest safety margin—that is, playing the ball not necessarily always to the back of the hole, sometimes as on a sloping green, on the side of it so that there is a chance for error, and yet the ball may drop. When it comes to the holing of a short putt, I feel somehow that I can almost wheedle the ball into the hole by picturing the swing of the club and the roll of the ball, and by staring alternately at the ball and the hole. On the other hand, it may make you giddy! But in any event, think of nothing but the stroke and endeavour to watch the club-head sweep the ball away."

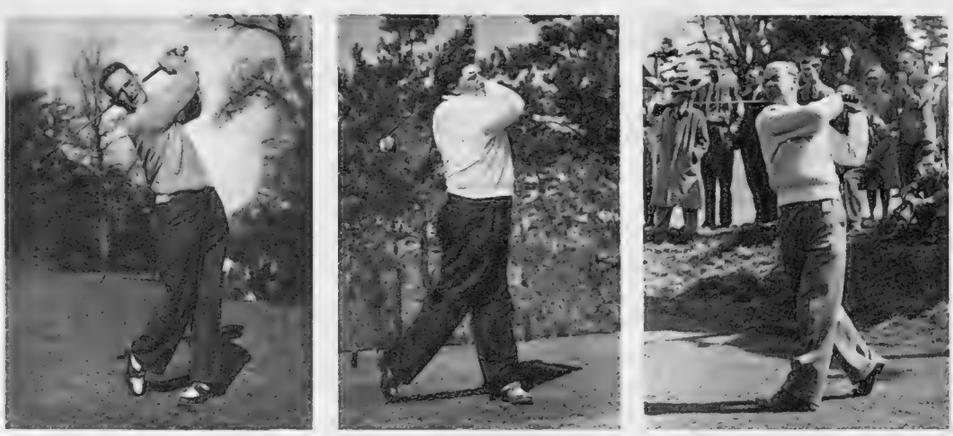
Arthur Grant, the finest putter I have ever met and whom many of us know from Le Touquet, has distinct theories about putting. His advice is light-pressure of the hands, heels together for stability, knees bent for ease of body, elbows bent to keep nervous strain off the hands and to allow the true swing of the club-head over a short distance. So much for the aim and address. In the back swing he says that the initial movement of the club should be made by the wrists in short putts, and by the forearms giving at the elbow in long putts, with a pendulum motion throughout.

James MacBeth, one of the greatest theorists on golf, believed that the essential thing in putting is no body movement. "In order to get rhythm," he said, "do not use merely the wrists. Take the left forearm well through towards the hole and let the club finish low. Putting is a stroke made only with the forearm, wrists and fingers. Hit the ball with a clean crisp tap—alternatively, a short shove. The club should be held with the left hand slightly underneath the shaft."

W. T. Twine believes in standing over the ball with the feet fairly close together and the knees bent slightly forward, as if almost sitting down to the shot. The left arm, he says, should point in the direction of the flag, and the right arm should rest with reasonable firmness on the top of the thigh. The club should be taken back with the left hand and the forward movement controlled by the right hand, in his opinion. "It is essential to follow through with the putter as with other clubs," Twine used to say.

As an ordinary club player, I think that far too many golfers have putters which are too long in the head. Within reason, the shorter the head of the putter, the less chance there is of hitting unintentionally with the toe or the heel instead of the middle of the blade. I am also convinced that one should alter one's style of putting to the condition of the greens. If greens are rough, the only way to keep the ball on the line is to stab it; if the greens are smooth and fast, one should roll it. In any event, the golfer who putts right-handedly is much more likely to sink his putt because unconsciously he imparts a little top spin to the ball, which benefits from the simple law of gravity. By a right-handed putter I mean any player whose right hand is used slightly more than the left. Personally, as a right-handed putter, I putt right centre instead of dead straight on a straight putt, and the ball drops surprisingly often.

ALL EYES ON THE MEN WITH THE PUTTERS: A. H. Padgham and J. L. Black on the twelfth green at Moor Park when taking part in last week's Silver King Tournament. Padgham returned a brilliant 65 in his second round, and it looked at one time that he would repeat his success of 1947, but two modest returns of 73 were not good enough against Adams and Ward, who tied for first place in this £1,250 tournament



THREE MEN AND THEIR DRIVERS: Personalities in the Silver King Tournament at Moor Park. *Left*—E. Green (of Huyton) about to start a disastrous last round of 77. He had previously recorded two 70's. *Centre*—Laurie Ayton (Worthing), who achieved a brilliant second round of 66. *Right*—A. G. Beck (Leicestershire), another player with one brilliant round to his credit. Putting, rather than driving or approaching, was the decisive factor in the tournament

"LA TRAVIATA" at COVENT GARDEN

"Hamlet" at Stratford-on-Avon; and a New English Star at the London Casino

"LA TRAVIATA" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as Marguerite and Kenneth Neate as Armand Duval in the scene in the salon of Marguerite's house in the first Act of the Covent Garden Opera Company's new production

A COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR PARIS: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Aileen Corway as Annina and Kenneth Neate in the Second Act of "La Traviata" at Covent Garden. *La Traviata* was last performed at Covent Garden at the end of 1946, when it was sung in Italian. The new production in English opened two weeks ago with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as Marguerite, Kenneth Neate as Armand Duval, and Paolo Silveri as Germont *père*. Professor E. J. Dent, who has done the new version in English, has used the original names from Dumas fils' novel, *La Dame aux Camélias*, substituting Marguerite for the Violetta and Armand for the Alfred of the Italian version. Tyrone Guthrie produced the opera and the Covent Garden Orchestra is conducted by Reginald Goodall. Sophie Fedorovitch's scenery and costumes are sumptuous and highly effective, and the production was one of the most successful of the season. Next month *Boris Godunov* is to come into the repertory with Paolo Silveri singing the title-role

A VICTORIAN QUEEN FOR THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON "HAMLET": James Bailey's mid-nineteenth century costume for Diana Wynyard. Michael Benthall's production of *Hamlet* opened at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre last night. Robert Helpmann and Paul Scofield will play Hamlet on alternate nights. Gothic scenery and mid-nineteenth-century costumes have been designed by twenty-four-year-old James Bailey, to stress the constant topicality of the play, yet to preserve a romantic setting. The costumes are in rich but sombre colours, and uniforms are much used. Hamlet wears the conventional black, but in the frock coat, white shirt and black cravat and piped trousers of the period

A NEW ENGLISH STAR OF THE MUSIC HALLS: Norman Wisdom, who made an immediate success at the London Casino. The big hits of the variety stage have been made by Americans of late. Danny Kaye's stupendous success at the London Palladium was followed by Martha Raye and Olsen and Johnson at the London Casino. Norman Wisdom has broken the run by stealing much of the thunder at the Casino, when the Hollywood singer, Allan Jones, was starred. He is twenty-seven years old and a former regular soldier. His props consist of no more than a comic, baggy dress suit, an old shirt, a stringy tie and a clarinet

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WAR DIARIES FROM BOTH SIDES

Goebbels and His Abiding Faith in Hitler; A Polish Mission to Washington; and the Search for Germany's Atom Bomb

ONE of the most revealing aspects of THE GOEBBELS DIARIES (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is the proof that it gives, proof substantiated by Mr. Trevor-Roper's now classic *Last Days of Hitler*, that, from the moment of his rise to power to the day when he died in the Berlin bunker, Hitler was the Number One man of his party and of the country, and that not even the most jealous and ambitious of the men who surrounded him were capable of countermanding his authority.

The diaries in question cover the years 1942 and 1943. They were first discovered in Berlin in the form of typewritten sheets, loosely strung together, and with some of the pages singed, and all smelling of burning. They were later identified as what they were, and there proved to be at least seven thousand sheets of paper. Goebbels daily dictated thousands of words about the activities of the preceding day, and into these he poured his own prejudice, his abuse, his self-satisfaction and his expressions of faith in his *fuehrer*.

The diaries have been translated and edited by Mr. Louis P. Lochner, who was Berlin correspondent of the Associated Press until the United States entered the war, and who had a personal acquaintance with many of the leading Nazis.

DEFEAT IN VICTORY (Gollancz. 18s.) might well be studied in this conjunction. It is Mr. Jan Ciechanowski's account of his mission in Washington from March 1941 to July 1945, when he was Polish Ambassador to the United States. He had known America during the Coolidge regime, and one of the most interesting passages is his comparison of that dour New Englander with Mr. Roosevelt, who, months before Pearl Harbour, welcomed the Ambassador with the words: "Poland certainly deserves her independence and must regain it after this war."

Professor Samuel Goudsmit's book ALSOS (Sigma. 15s.) provides one of the most extraordinary stories of the week. It describes the search for the German atom bomb, undertaken during the war by an American mission, of which Professor Goudsmit, an American of Dutch origin, was the super-sleuth and, as a distinguished physicist, the leader of this "Alsos" scientific mission. The result of the venture was unexpected and satisfactory, since it revealed that, far from possessing an adequate plant, Germany's attempt at atomic fission and atomic production was in an early and elementary stage, and in the course of his book, the Professor examines this failure of German science.

The volume has been printed in superlatively large, clear type in the United States, as has the next book under review: THE FIRE OX AND OTHER YEARS (Collins. 30s.). This is an impressive tome, being an account of Mr. Suydam Cutting's travels between 1925 and 1939 in Tibet, Nepal, Assam and other Far Eastern lands.

Mr. Cutting is well known in America as a traveller, rather than an explorer, and was a member of the Roosevelt Expedition into Chinese Turkestan, more than twenty years ago. The present book is very fully illustrated by photographs taken during his travels, by several colour reproductions and by maps. The writer's style is simple and unaffected, the writing of a man of action rather than a man of introspection, and thereby fits its subject.

"At the bottom of his soul the real traveller is a sceptic," writes Mr. Cutting. "He insists on verifying other men's evidence with his own eyes and ears." There have, I think, been worse definitions of a traveller's spirit.

The late Stephen Vincent Benet is a greatly regretted figure in the world of letters, and a new collection of stories and poems of his helps one to appreciate his quality, and saddens one with the reminder of his death. THE LAST CIRCLE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) contains some lovely things, and some that necessarily lack a final polish. Among them is a poem written about President Roosevelt, in 1940, that has a particularly nostalgic echo in this month that has seen England paying tribute to his memory:

"A man who knows the tides and ways of the people
As Abe Lincoln knew the wind on the prairies,
And has never once stopped believing in them. . ."

Three of the most moving, the most brilliant and the most memorable performances that I saw on the London stage in the '30's were given by young Stephen Haggard, as Marchbanks in *Candida*, as the Fool in *King Lear*, and as the young sculptor in a too-short-lived play, *The Laughing Woman*. He had, as an actor, a freshness without naïveté, and a penetration without cynicism that no theatre-goer of that time will forget. Yet, before his death in 1943, he had decided to abandon the stage for writing and for poetry.

His friend, Mr. Christopher Hassall, has written his biography in THE TIMELESS QUEST (Arthur Barker; 15s.); a book that gives us an intimate and a convincing picture of a young man whose vitality of spirit exceeded his physical strength, whose enthusiasms and sense of fun were irrepressible, and who "left behind him a record of steady and continuous growth."

To predict a success for a Regency novel by Miss Georgette Heyer is not exactly to qualify for a well-paid post as a fortune-teller, since it is easy, obvious and demonstrably true. THE FOUNDLING (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) is an exceptionally fast-moving story, even given Miss Heyer's appreciation of pace in books, and moves as smoothly through its evolutions as the best balanced of eighteenth-century curricles. It has humour, too.

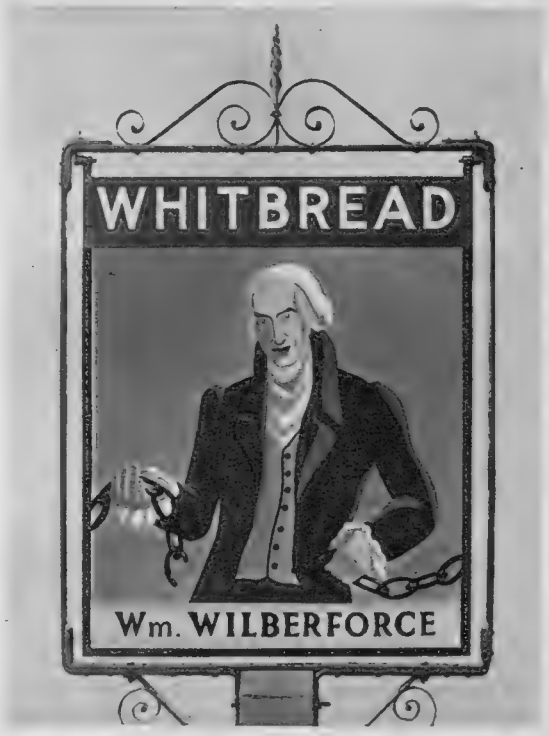
The hilly shanty towns near Sydney have a greater proportion of Irish living in them than any other nationality, and these people gravitated there on their arrival in Australia, not because they were dirty or lazy, though many of them were that, but because they were poor. Their grandchildren and great-grandchildren still live there, and they are the protagonists of Miss Ruth Park's novel THE HARP IN THE SOUTH (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.). This story, which has a queer, compelling force of its own in spite of its uniformly sordid setting, won a prize of £2,000, offered by the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

There is a full crop of detective stories this week, of which Miss Hilda Lawrence's THE PAVILION (Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.) stands out as by far the best contrived. Miss Lawrence's characters are people, not figures, and her logic, if not unassailable, is at least up to the required standard in these matters.

FLOWERS FOR TEACHER (Jarrolds. 9s. 6d.) is also good of its kind, since its author, Miss Margaret Archer, shows a proper respect for the disposition of clues, and an appreciation for the particular flavour of the red herring. Whereas Miss Lawrence's story is set in a luxurious old American house, Miss Archer favours the rustic setting of an English village, and the rustic malevolence of its inhabitants. I thought that this story would have been improved by cutting; but there is invention in it.

Mr. C. Lindsay Taylor has had the excellent idea of placing the action of MURDER WITH RELISH (Skeffington. 9s. 6d.) ten years or more ago, in the days when it was possible to eat, let us say, more selectively, than it is now. The author's principal character is appropriately a cook, one Mrs. Bonnet, and I recommend to you her ingenuity, her strength of mind and almost everything about her but her recipe for lethal savoury eggs.

Mr. Francis Gerard chooses Central America as the background for THE PRISONER OF THE PYRAMID (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), a present-day story of skullduggery and detection, that harks back from time to time to the early sixteenth century and Montezuma.



"FAIR LIBERTY WAS ALL HIS CRY, FOR HER HE BOLDLY STOOD ALONE": This sign has been made by Harvey James for the inn at East Farleigh, Kent, which has been renamed William Wilberforce in honour of the man who fought against slavery. For over forty years Wilberforce kept up a close connection with the district

In CITIZEN OF THE WORLD FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT (Skeffington; 21s.), Alden P. Hatch presents what he calls an impressionist portrait of the thirty-second President of the United States; but despite its novelised form, its presentation of a series of sketches in chronological order, the reader may find it a very complete and satisfying portrait. There is no attempt to weigh up Roosevelt's actions in the light of history. The President is shown as he was in the heat of action and in his hardly-bought moments of contemplation. There is no attempt at hero worship either, but we are made to see Roosevelt as heir of a great tradition, the heir of Jefferson and Jackson, of Lincoln, of Bryan (for so long the darling of the Democratic Party) and of Wilson, the schoolmaster idealist. Immersed as he was in the game of politics, Roosevelt's loftiness of purpose shone clear, and if his fellow-politicians could not always see it, the great mass of the American people knew him for what he was and voted for him again and again. Roosevelt bred in them a deep trust, and although he seldom spoke with the winged words of Jefferson or Bryan, his large-hearted humanity and his capacity for action won their admiration. Mr. Hatch's biographical method is certainly effective, particularly in the first chapter where little Franklin, at the tender age of five, meets the beefy Mr. Cleveland at the White House. The President, harassed by falling prices and labour troubles, declares in parting: "Franklin, I give you this wish to remember: Pray God that He never let you become President of the United States."

ROOSEVELT: AN AMERICAN ASSESSMENT

A Novelised Biography of the Thirty-second President

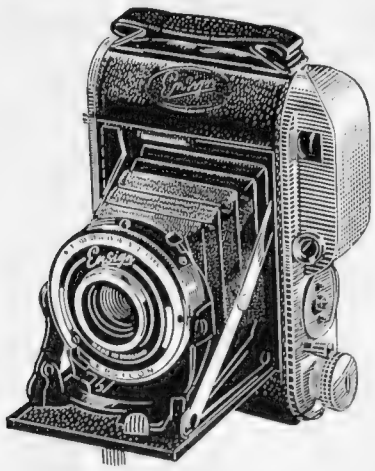
Leighton Houghton hitch-hiked 3,000 miles through England, Wales and Scotland to write IN THE STEPS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS (Rich and Cowan; 12s. 6d.), and the result is a rather breathless book that takes us swiftly from one end of the land to another, and because of this haste it is obvious that the author missed much that should not have been missed. Outside Monmouth Mr. Houghton received a lift in a U.S. Army lorry driven by two negroes. "We tore down the Wye Valley at 70 m.p.h.," he records, and it is little wonder that he comments on the river looking "disappointingly sluggish." There is no doubt that Mr. Houghton was in a terrible hurry, so much so, indeed, that when he describes the journey out from Newport to the old Roman fortress town of Caerleon, the reader who knows that part of the world will wonder what has happened to the local topography; why the swift-flowing waters of the Usk have suddenly become lazy and the striking tower of Christchurch has shifted from the east to the north. Mr. Houghton is at times an engaging guide, with interesting tales to tell of most of the historic shrines he visits on his swift pilgrimage from Canterbury to Iona, from Lincoln to Glastonbury, but just when the reader is settling down to enjoy the discourse there comes the honk of a motor-horn, and whether it be a jeep, an Army lorry, or a swift touring car, the light of battle comes into Mr. Houghton's eye and the historian is transformed in a trice into the determined hitch-hiker.

A markedly more leisurely travel book comes from Alan Ivimey, who in ANY FINE SATURDAY (Golden Galley Press; 10s. 6d.) helps us to rediscover the English scene, the ancient cities, the towns, hamlets and villages which have so obviously been wrought by a nation of individualists; and the still incomparable countryside. Unlike Mr. Houghton's book, *Any Fine Saturday* possesses some of the serenity of the English scene.

St. Trinians is a nightmare synthesis of Roedean, Heathfield and Wycombe Abbey; it is the girls' school to end all girls' schools. Hanging the headmistress, roasting an ox in the "dorm," or burning down the East Wing are all in the day's work for the pupils. Ronald Searle created these little horrors, and in HURRAH FOR ST. TRINIANS (Macdonald; 6s.) he has gathered together his inimitable cartoons of them. Wyndham Lewis provides the foreword to this feast of satiric art.

For a Book-Hungry World: The following reprints are announced this week: THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND US (Arthur Barker; 6s.), Noel Langley's best-seller now in its ninth edition, and THE PROGRESS OF JULIUS (Arthur Barker; 8s. 6d.), Daphne du Maurier's story of the ruthless Julius whose fantastic career started when he sold rats during the siege of Paris and came full circle back to his fantastic palace at Neuilly. Three new additions to The Collected Works of William Gerhardi, published by Macdonald's at 7s. 6d. each, are *Resurrection*, *Pending Heaven* and *The Memoirs of Satan*, written in conjunction with Brian Lunn.

Focusing simplified



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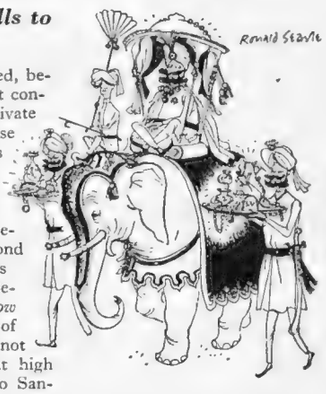

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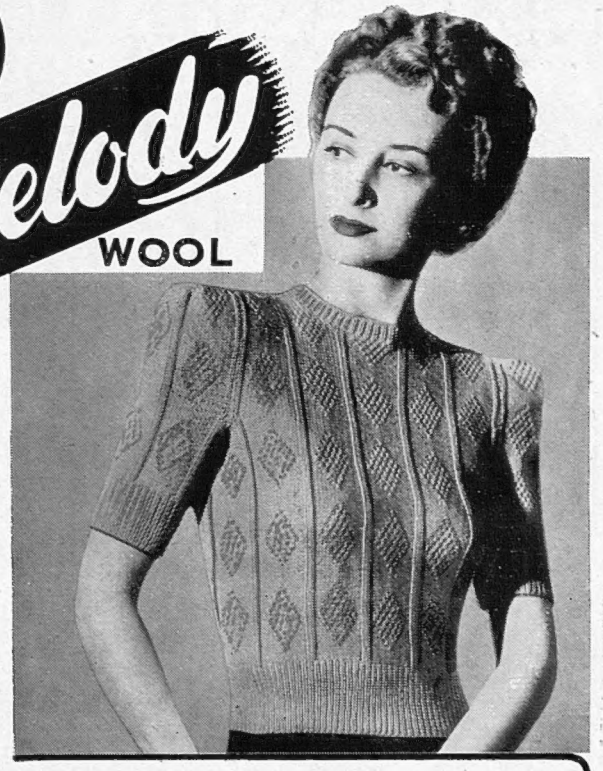

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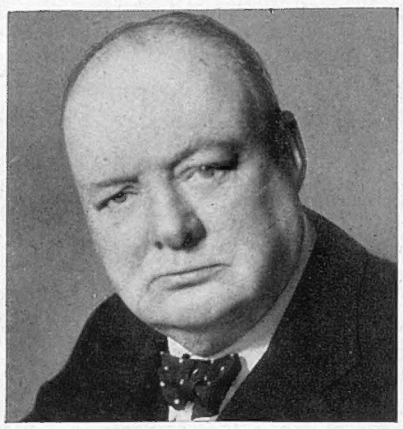

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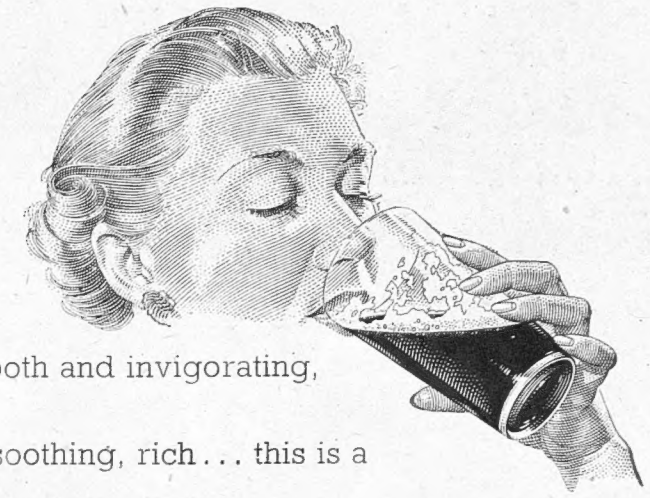

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